# Christmas Festivities

## AT THE TEMPLE.

## A HALLELUJAH WEDDING.

### Brother Kingan takes Sister Worr "For Better, for Worse."

Although there was quite a fall of rain on Christmas afternoon in the Queen City, yet a very large number of people were present at the Marriage Service of our two dear comrades, John Kingan and Hannah Worr, soldiers in the Temple corps, and who have been Salvationists for about eight years.

The meeting was really

**A Battle for Souls**

from start to finish. After knee-drill, and a short march in the rain, the Temple Band marched twice round inside the building, playing a rousing song, and everyone being seated the wedding party arrived, the bridegroom, Brother Kingan, supported by Captain G. S. Edgecombe, followed by Brigadier de Barritt; and Sister Worr, the bride, supported by her sister.

The meeting opened with the song,

"To save the world is our desire,
For enemies we pray,"

after which we sang on our knees,

"He's the lily of the valley."

and again the song,

"My Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine."

Captains Edgecombe and Wiseman then prayed for the salvation of the souls of all in the meeting.

After a WAR CRY song, Captain Edgecombe said he had found the two comrades just going to be united for life to be

**Devoted Christians and Loyal Salvationists,**

and then Treasurer Travis very feelingly spoke of the way our two comrades had been thus far led by the great Captain of salvation, and he very earnestly prayed that they might ever continue in His keeping and care.

Mrs. Adjutant Jewer then sang the Commandant's beautiful song from the Christmas CRY with the chorus:

"Tell it to Jesus, He understands thee,
What is thy gain, and what is thy loss?
While thou art His no harm can befall thee.
Tell out thy heart at the foot of His cross."

Mr. Worr spoke a few words; Brigadier de Barritt read the "Articles of Marriage," our two comrades stood forward, and questions put by Brigadier having been well answered, our two comrades were then united in the bonds of matrimony by Brigadier de Barritt. Everyone prayed for the success of the union, the bandmaster leading us away to the Throne.

"Bless them now,"

was sung very feelingly, in which everyone joined very heartily.

Mr. and Mrs. Kingan then spoke, and each one very earnestly invited sinners and backsliders to come to Calvary's Cross.

Mrs. de Barritt reminded us how all-important it was that each one of us should be determined at all costs to do Jesus' will, and read to us.

The Brigadier then prayed and closed the meeting, each one feeling indeed that it was "good to be there."

## OUR LIFEBOAT.

We launched our boat on the waves of time
To rescue sin-sick souls,
And with the rope of love divine
To bring them to their God.

Her decks are manned by a noble crew,
Filled with salvation love,
But are bold and fearless their duty to do
To a God who lives above.

See on the waves she boldly rides,
Waiting some soul to save,
And land them on the otherside,
Snatched from a drunkard's grave!

Our Boatswain daily cheers us on
In times when waves roll high;
We simply trust alone in Him
Who reigns above the sky.

God bless our boat! Long may she sail
Upon the seas of time;
And may the ship's crew never fail
To throw the soul-saving line.

ED. CHAPPLE,
Cook of Lifeboat.

# CHRISTMAS DAY AT THE LIFEBOAT

### The Commandant and Social Secretary Preside at a Poor Man's Xmas Dinner.

"The Lifeboat afloat?"

"Yes, and a grand Blood-and-Fire-soul-saving crowd we have for a crew, with Captain Freeman at the helm."

"Well, what sort of Christmas did we put in?" you ask. I tell you we were all well in it, right from the Commandant and Brigadier and Mrs. de Barritt down to your humble servant, who is only a soldier, but glory be to God, a joint heir with Jesus Christ. We had a large crowd at our meeting last Sunday evening, and some of them were not there for the dinner ticket only, which was proved at the end of the meeting by some

**Three Precious Souls Seeking for Peace,**

joy and satisfaction. Praise God, they found it at the foot of the Cross, where there is nothing but joy and peace. We have seen fourteen kneel at the Cross since we opened our little corps about two weeks ago. "Praise the Lord."

At the end of the meeting Miss Macdonald had every man in the house up-stairs to give each one an invite for the Christmas dinner. After explaining everything, the crowd broke out with that dear old-time chorus ringing in the air

He can't get me any more,
He had me once and let me go,
He can't get me no more.

Christmas day came, and the dinner was laid to seat one hundred. We had three

long tables and not one seat was vacant, every one was taken. I am sure they were right to think themselves highly honored with such distinguished carvers and waiters. The Commandant took the centre table, Brigadier and Mrs. de Barritt saw that everything was in its place. We also had with us Adjutant and Mrs. Miller, Captain Clarke, Griffiths, Adams, Attwell and others, and I don't think there was a murmur. Everything went off in grand style, and everyone was satisfied; one poor fellow was on hot bricks all through the dinner. He was terribly anxious to stand and propose a vote of thanks for Miss Macdonald's kindness, who has worked very hard to get the dinner up. After dinner the Commandant spoke a few encouraging words, and then called on our old friend who is known throughout the Shelter as

**Rag Picker Frank,**

to give his experience; Frank stood up and said he was a fightingman and had fought in prize rings, and it was nothing for him to sit and drink forty glasses of beer in one evening, but he thanked God for the last three years God had taken all the desire for drink and evil away. The Commandant then called upon our old friend who was waiting so patiently to propose a vote of thanks to Miss Macdonald. It was a sort of

**Double-Jointed Stump Speech.**

"Gentlemen and Ladies, I rise as a body to pass a vote of thanks for the body of Miss Macdonald, and I want Miss Macdonald to accept it from us as a body from everybody around us." (Roars of laughter.) The Commandant said a few words of encouragement, and after that our distinguished visitors took their leave, bidding us a happy, prosperous New Year.

Miss Macdonald then went in for some singing, and brother Allen finished the meeting with a solo on the drum. All he had to beat the drum was the leg of a chair. Will some kind friend furnish him with a snare-drum and drum-stick?

BRO. ED. J. FLETCHER.

# CHRISTMAS FARE AT THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

The *Empire*, speaking of our Toronto Christmas preparation, wrote as follows:—

"By reason of its wide-spread, practical benevolence the Salvation Army takes precedence. It, being of English origin, has not forgotten the

SOUL-SAVING EFFICACY OF ROAST BEEF

to him who is an hungered. It puts a tract in his stomach and trusts that having satisfied his body the diner will look after his spirit. Being an army, it naturally pays great attention to the commissariat—and especially at Christmas time."

Practically endorsing these remarks comes a note from Captain Fox, at Montreal:

"Our free Christmas dinner was a real boomer. Turkeys, geese and donations came in abundance. We had not the slightest difficulty in satisfying every man. One hundred and sixty-one adorned the tables. They were a motley crowd, and the turkeys, geese, meat, pies, etc., vanished like smoke before the wind.

"Our friends (mostly unknown) seem to be plentiful, as there were cash donations sent for the dinner to the extent of fifty-three dollars. One unknown gentleman sent a $20 bill. They were very careful indeed to keep their names strictly secret. God bless them! I am delighted with Joe Beef's canteen, and think it is just the place to catch these men. They are bound to come here, as it has always been their resting, or "hanging out" place.

"Finances at present are very good. The crowds seem to flock around us. Our meetings are just grand, and very orderly. We often have the men ask us to pray for them, which we most gladly do, but the best of all, one of them came to the penitent-form before his old companions."

# A CHRISTMAS TREAT

AT THE

## Children's Shelter.

### A "Mouf-Orgin" and a Proper Set of Braces!

If you had wanted to see real joy and true happiness you should have stepped into the play-room of the Children's Shelter, 218 Bleecker Street, Christmas afternoon, and you would have been quite satisfied.

Mrs. Booth, with her usual consideration for the welfare of the little ones, had arranged a Christmas treat.

My instructions were, "Have a Christmas tree, and make it as pleasant and happy as possible," and judging from what took place that afternoon,

**I Think We Very Well Succeeded.**

All day the Christmas tree had stood in its stately beauty, with its mysterious little parcels, exciting the curiosity of eager little minds, and proving a great temptation to the more adventuresome, when we were "off guard" a minute, to touch "and really find out," and as the tree was none too steady and sure in its foundation, it was quite as well their anxious suspense was kept till the final moment, and then the picture! I wish I was an artist to send the WAR CRY readers a sketch of the sparkling eyes and excited movements of our little charges. They nearly went wild with delight, and when with the greatest dignity on our part their little gifts were distributed—the "mouf-orgin," which had been a never-forgotten petition in little Russell's prayer, and "a proper pair of braces like a man's" for Freddy (he secretly despised our home-made ones), and dollies, long-wished-for, in the outstretched arms of Elsie and Maggie, and all the others quite satisfied with their gifts—it was a sight that would amply repay anyone who had helped in the slightest measure to make the children happy.

Of course

**There was Quite a Racket Afterwards;**

everybody was testing the strength and music of their toys to their utmost capacity, but they were all so pleased, and we joined in heartily with their gladness.

It's a grand and glorious work, commending itself to every thoughtful heart, training the little ones for Jesus, instilling into the young minds the teachings of the Cross, and moulding the flexible characters for righteousness and truth, that presently, by the Spirit of God, the lessons indelibly stamped upon their hearts, they may take their stand as warriors of the bleeding Lamb and live the life of Christ. They're God's little ones; we take them from His hands, as Miriam did Moses, and gladly tend them "for His sake."

Will you do your part? Any clothing or toys are always acceptable. Will you pray that all the needful money may be given, and homes raised up for those who have such a claim upon your pity and love?

ENSIGN FLORRIE FRITH.

# Good Old "War Cry."

*May you start many more dreaming of another world.*

Here is an extract from the personal letter of a sister to her friend:

"I want to tell you a little of my conversion. I had a dream of the world coming to an end. It was one Saturday night, and I started to read the WAR CRY alone. *It convicted me terribly!* Then I dreamed somebody came in and gave an awful groan. It was painful to hear. I shall never forget it.

They stood at the back door, and then said to me,

**"You Are Going to be Burned!"**

I went to the door, and I saw in the south-west black smoke ascending to the skies, and in the north-west there it was fire. When I saw it I put my arms round my friend and cried "What will I do?—I'm going to be *lost!*" I caught hold of a mission paper to see if I could find anything to help—but no, I couldn't. I threw it down and got the Bible. Then I gave it to my friend and said, "Do see if you can find anything, for I am going to be lost for ever." I thought of all the opportunities I've had and, my!—I did cry! With that I woke up, and it was just a dream. But I made up my mind I would go and get saved, let the devil say what he would.

But it turned out too stormy, and our house shook so I thought the Lord meant I should be lost, and I did not get converted till several Sundays after. I was convicted before at the barracks, but they started to sing as the crowd went, and I went too. Then it was so muddy, and I'd been so sick, and I had to go to a taffy-pull, and it

**Seemed to Kill all the Conviction.**

Sunday they didn't sing but went straight into the prayer meeting. The devil said "You'd better go or they'll have you up there."

They came and talked to me. They said, "*Do* come. You feel troubled in your soul, don't you?" I thought I wasn't convicted enough in my heart, but that's the way the devil has been fooling me all these years.

I put out my feet to rise, and the devil said, "Take care, if you do go you may not get converted!" But I knew if I went honest before God He would save me. Then I went forward weeping. My heart was broken. I felt that if I was to get saved off must come my hat, which I knew was the devil's. I put up my hand, but down it came again. Then my friend took it off, and said she

**Just Thought it Was That.**

Someone read some verses from Isaiah lv., and it cleared away the gloom, and in a few minutes I rose claiming the victory. Now I feel almost too happy to live.

I am blinded with tears, so excuse blunders."

— THE —

# Flying Squadron's Latest Exploits.

## WINCHESTER AND OTTAWA ARE THE SCENES OF SPIRITUAL CONFLICTS.

## Powerful Addresses by The Commandant.

## A Brilliant Defence of Prohibition, and an Onslaught on the Drink Devil.

ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTIONS—SOLDIERS' COUNCILS—PROHIBITION RALLY—A FAMILY GATHERING—SOME CHEERING WORDS OF ADVICE.

WINCHESTER. — The drive was commenced to Winchester. The snow on the roads had very, very badly drifted, and it was cold. However, invention came to our aid, and instead of waiting for the frost to "catch on," the comrades began "catching on" to each other, and chucking each other in the snow to arouse circulation.

After a rousing old time in the open-air, we got inside, where

**A Regular Old-Time, Dancing, Free-and-Easy Time**

took place. Everybody was happy, lots got blessed, and altogether a good time was put in for God and our own souls.

Early next morning we assembled at the quarters, where, after some prayer, we marched to the station—a long walk, too—and boarded the cars for Kemptville and Ottawa.

We had lunch in the former place, and then went out and distributed some dodgers for the special meetings on Christmas Day, which done, we boarded the cars for the Imperial City.

### THE IMPERIAL CITY.

The afternoon train brought us to the city of Ottawa, the seat of Government, where we were met by Ensign Galt, the District Officer, and marched to the barracks. Arrived there, and prayer having been engaged in, we were allowed a short time of rest until the arrival of the Commandant on the evening train.

A sumptuous reception tea was prepared for the party. The word was passed that Commandant Booth had arrived, and the company all adjourned to the small hall upstairs. On the Commandant's entrance

**An Enthusiastic Reception was Given,**

volley after volley going up, with fixed bayonets. Needless to say, ample justice was done to the supper provided by the Ensign and her aides, the provisions, of which there seemed to be an unlimited supply, disappearing with wonderful rapidity.

Supper over, the Commandant got to his feet, and as an offset wished everyone present an holy, useful, and happy New Year.

*Holy.* That every one would so live in that blessed position of soul fit at all times to live and ready to die.

*Useful.* He was sick and tired of ornamental lives. They do very little to rescue souls.

*Happy.* If their lives savored of the holy and useful, they were bound to be happy. (Cheers.)

He then went on to describe the difficulties through which the "old ship" had come during the past twelve months, warning them that there would be sure to be difficulties during 1894. But, thank God, they were in

**An Un-bust-up-able Organization!**

Not only were they insured for time, but they were insured for all eternity.

And now at the close of the year, the old ship has come through the breakers afloat, and less water in her than at the beginning. The prospects for the New Year were good. He had also to compliment them on the Self-Denial effort that had just been got through. It had been

**A Most Triumphant Success.**

### THE GREAT PROHIBITION MEETING.

After a rousing march through the principal streets of the city, the barracks was reached.

Mr. Stewart, President of the Y.M.C.A., acted as chairman, and on the platform were the Rev. Mr. Falconer, Mr. Monro and Miss Wright.

On the entrance of the Commandant, a most enthusiastic reception was accorded him, all on the platform standing, fixing bayonets, and firing volley after volley.

The chairman gave his opening remarks. He said they would be few, as he knew the audience, like himself, had come to hear the Commandant, and he would only express the pleasure it gave him to be on the Salvation Army platform that night in the furtherance of the cause of Prohibition.

However, before calling upon Commandant Booth to address the meeting, he would ask Mr. Munro to have a few words.

Mr. Munro said he saw no good coming from the saloons, and that in itself

**Would be Enough to Justify Him**

on the 1st of January for voting for Prohibition, and followed it up by relating that just as he was on his way to the meeting that night he had seen a poor drunk stagger across the pavement out of a saloon.

Ensign Galt here sung a song, accompanied on her autoharp,

"Is my Cross too much for me?"

The Commandant then stepped to the front amid vociferous cheering.

(In speaking this subject the Commandant gave no uncertain sound as to the Army's policy. We would like to insert the whole of his powerful and convincing speech against this damnable traffic, but want of space forbids. For a great length of time he dealt on the evils, vices and miseries consequent on this "Maelstrom" of iniquity, and lucidly pointed out the duty of every Christian. Unanswerable arguments they were, and must have left their mark on the minds and consciences of those assembled in that hall.—ED.)

The address was listened to with rapt attention all through. The Commandant being

**Frequently Cheered**

as he made some weighty drives against the brewing business.

Adjutant Jewer followed with a personal testimony of deliverance from the power of strong drink through the Blood of Jesus Christ.

After an appeal for the salvation of souls, the meeting was closed with prayer by Miss Wright.

### THE OPEN-AIR ON SATURDAY.

An open-air was held on Saturday afternoon. There was a great turnout, and a rousing time. They are greatly favored in Ottawa in having a good open-air stand by the Post Office, where they can go at any time, and what is better, get a good crowd, where the claims of God and the soul can be

**Dealt Out Without Fear.**

Hallelujah! It was so on Saturday. Everyone pitched in, and we had a good time. After fully an hour-and-a-half, all went home well blessed and full of fire and zeal for souls.

### Private Meeting in the Hall of the Y.M.C.A.

FAMILY GATHERING AND CHAT.

FOUR BROTHERS AND TWO SISTERS ARE SET AT LIBERTY, AND ONE OF THEM GETS RIGHT INTO HARNESS AS AN OFFICER.

On Saturday evening, at eight o'clock, officers, cadets, soldiers, and a few friends met in the hall of the Y.M.C.A. to have a little talk on things in general pertaining to the War.

A few minutes before eight could be heard that strain, you know how it goes when a lot of bursting Salvationists are met together, and going in for a good time; in fact, for all the world just like our old-time councils, when pent-up feelings are

**Bound to Burst Out in Song.**

So we had a burst on Saturday evening. Some of the old "stand-by" choruses came out, but with a big blessing to our souls. First came:

"When the waves rise high,"

followed by.

"Rally, rally, rally round the Cross,"

"My Lord, oh, let the waves of Thy crimson sea,"

"If the Cross we boldly bear,"

and

"His Blood can make the vilest clean."

When this had been going with a swing for some time, the Commandant, with Brigadier Scott, Adjutant Jewer and Ensign Galt made their appearance, and were welcomed with hearty rounds of cheering. We were then led up to the Throne of Grace in prayer for a special outpouring on the meeting, when Brigadier Scott lined out that now firmly-established song,

"O, soldier of Jesus!"

Prayer having been engaged in again, the Commandant then proceeded to address us. He had not come there to-night, he said, to give an address or make a speech, but they had just met as

**A Little Family Gathering**

to strengthen each other's faith, and to help one another on in the warfare. "Let that spirit be seen in your face. The Spirit will tell you how far to go, and we shall leave off somewhere between heaven and earth."

In the first place, be sure you are GOOD. Aim at having a GOOD character. The world is seeking after happiness without being good. There is only one way of being happy, and that is by being good. God in creating the world and making and setting the moon and the sun, and all those other wonderful planets, when He came to His masterpiece, MAN, it pleased Him, because when He looked upon the creation it was *very good*. When our journey is finished, the moment when God has looked upon our life, it will only be when He can say "It is good," that there will be any acknowledgment from God. Cleverness has never done anything. The only thing that has been accomplished has been through being good. To-night, if we look honestly and searchingly into our own hearts for the week, can *God* say,

**"Behold, it is Very Good!"**

The chorus,

"Now search me and try me, oh Lord,"

was sung on our knees before God, and prayer followed, while everyone was invited to cast their eyes inward.

And the next point was, "Strive to be *united*." There is no gift greater and no power so warranted to bring success than unity, and no power is better calculated to extend the kingdom of hell than disunion. When you see a corps that goes in for nignagging—Mrs. Brown going for Mrs. Jones, while Brother Snooks was keeping aloof from his duty because Brother So-and-so was not as good as he might be—when this kind of work was going on in a corps, the devil was sitting on the fence

**Fit to Split His Sides With Laughing.**

Disunion and discord could never be allied. They could never be together.

In one place in the scripture we read that even the Master could not work because of division and want of faith. God cannot bless a people who are disunited. No bitterness must be allowed to go on. The oil-can of harmony must be made good use of, and what is it but continual prayer and interest in each other with a recognized leader? Without harmonious working between soldiers and officers the work can never prosper. You can't all be the Commissioner, or the Captain or the Lieutenant.

**Be a Salvationist.**

There are so many people to-day who have got no bite or snap about their religion. Now, the Lord's promise was that He would make them a new sharp threshing instrument, having teeth.

Another thing to be guarded against was

**"Never go Down Before Public Opinion."**

In dealing with people about their souls you must be very straight, and as usually turns out to be the case, the straighter and the plainer you are, the more you will offend. At the same time, don't mistake me. Do all you do in love.

PRAYER.—Sometimes praying altogether succeeds in breaking the cloud. When all seems so dark and dreary, and the cloud seems to envelop you, as you get into communion with God the mist will lift and you will find yourself nearer to God than before.

A verse of

"From every sin set free"

was sung, after which came another season of prayer.

Continuing, he said, "The blessings, whether of justification or sanctification, are to be used in saving others. If God did not want to use us when He saved us, He would take us right away to Heaven. 'Ye are the salt of the earth.' There are a lot of Christians folding their arms and reposing in contentment, saying 'In God's good time it will come to pass,' and a lot of rubbish in the same strain, while those around him are

**Drifting With the Strong Current**

down to endless hell. If we cannot quench the fire of hell, at least we can stop the supplies.

And now a word to those whom the Lord has been dealing with, and wanting as candidates for the work. If God wants you to go, are you going to stand in God's way? You may rest assured that He understands you better than you understand yourself. Whatever the barrier is, either go through it, or get over it in some way. Your life is too short to be spent fighting against God. Get His favor and His smile and go forward in His strength to be a soul-winner."

Prayer, real and red-hot, was engaged in, and with the grand result that

**Six Stepped Out on the Promise**

and got under the cleansing Blood—one of them to be an officer, and who joins us at Kingston.

## The Inmost Thoughts.

THE BREWER.—That Prohibition vote was a stunner.

THE CRITIC.—Time spent on those Salvationists is wasted—they go on as if nothing had happened.

THE CODE.—The Social work of the Salvation Army is a credit to the organization.

MAJOR COMPLIN.—I always did like the Canadian CRY. We will send her on as never before. I'll do it or die in the attempt.

ADJUTANT JEWER.—When shall I see Toronto again? I wonder how my little Jimmy is?

ENSIGN MACNAMARA.—How long shall I stop at Lippincott yet?

BRIGADIER JACOBS.—How are they getting on in my absence? What do those other Provincials think of our Self-Denial total?

CAPTAIN FLAWS.—I wonder what the *next* Christmas CRY will be like!

ORILLIA PACKET.—The Christmas CRY was decidedly the best the Army has ever published.

CAPTAIN HINTON.—I wonder if they are all sound on Prohibition?

THE PACKING GANG.—When shall we get to Toronto?

ADJUTANT MCMILLAN.—How are they doing at the Shelter? I wonder if the folks are asking for the coal and wood?

PRINTING MANAGER PHILLIPS. — When will the people hurry up and help us to go to press a day earlier?

YORKVILLE CORPS.—When will the Brigadier turn up?

THE YOUNGSTERS.—When does Santa Claus come again?

THE CAPTAIN.—How many can I add to the Roll this year?

Major Unsworth's little son was lost. At last he was discovered by a six-foot policeman, to whom he propounded some very grave and theological questions.



# THE SALVATION ARMY IN INDIA.

## Is Christianity a Failure?

*(An address delivered at Poona, India, by Miss Lucy Booth.)*

I feel it to be somewhat of a task to answer this question satisfactorily, not so far as my own experience is concerned, but I do feel it somewhat difficult perhaps to talk, so that I shall be able to satisfy other people's minds as to whether the right answer is in the negative or not. However, I am here to do my duty as a soldier, and the rest I leave with God.

It is a question which, without doubt, is asked more every day we live, and it is a question asked with increasing doubt as to the possibility of its being satisfactorily answered. It is a deep subject, and before being able to answer it there is felt the need of some experience upon the matter.

As far as my own experience has gone in regard to Christianity, and with regard to that of those who have lived round about me, I think I am here to do my best to argue that by no means is real Christianity a failure.

Of course we all know that the Christianity of Jesus Christ, speaking of Him personally, was not a failure. But my subject is—Is Christianity a failure?

Well, as far as my experience goes I say no! Anything but a failure!

I do not stand up here to-day that I have lived since I accepted Christ as my Saviour without faults and fears and doubts and many mistakes. No, I do not say that I have never failed during my Christian experience. But it has never been the fault of the Christianity. It has been my fault. It has never been the fault of Jesus Christ that I have fallen back. It has never been the fault of the Christianity if in some dark perplexing moment I have faltered and feared. Jesus Christ has been as true and the Christianity of Jesus Christ has stood as firm as ever.

I do not say, therefore, that in this day when we prove there is a real Christ some do not fall back. Far from it. I am only too sorrowful a witness that some do. But it is not the fault of the Blood that was shed to wash away the evil, not the fault of the Divine, the wonderful Divine power that was born not only to save *but to keep*. It is the fault of the *failer!* 'tis the fault of the soul that chooses rather for itself than to hold on in the storm to Jesus.

I was going on to say that as far as my experience goes I have proved it to be anything but a failure. I have certainly felt sometimes in my life that if it was not a very real Christianity I should have had nothing at all to do with it. There have been climaxes that I have come up to—junctures in my history when, if I had not had a real God I should never have held on,—and if there had not been a real Calvary, I should never have been here to-night to prove to you that Christianity is not a failure.

### HAS IT FAILED IN THE ARMY?

Then it has not been a failure in the history of the Salvation Army. You will forgive me for speaking of the Salvation Army, but it covers up my heart, and it is the best witness I have to show the truth of Christianity. I know most about it, and it is the strongest fact I have to prove that real Christianity is no failure. Hallelujah!

Its colors are now waving in many countries. It enters this month upon its 28th birthday, and we have more followers, more soldiers, more officers in its ranks than we have ever had before. We have had more people brought to ... salvation within its circle, more ... drunkards, more poor broken-hearted ... and others, more dear little children ... prodigal sons, to rise up on the ... to Morning and answer for the ... that real Christianity can never fail ... has not been a failure in the Salvation Army ...

I was only thinking ... use of an officer now in our ... God been one of the greatest ... spent lived —a drunkard, wife-beater ... a terrible swearer. His little children ... heard his footsteps on ... hide themselves in the ... own ... for fear of his terrible ... poor wife never appeared ... her husband's brutality ... marched into the ... drum and song ... and before very long ... George to the ...

Years have ... time he has ... a home, but a wife to stand by his side beaming all over her face while the tears run down her cheeks, and the little children run up to him and cling round his legs. Not only that, but thousands—I am not exaggerating when I say thousands—of other souls than that man, redeemed and kept by a real Christianity, have been brought into the same service.

### A FAILURE IN INDIA?

Then I cannot pass from this subject without first speaking of my country, India.

I have been privileged to be here and see some of the greatest witnesses and some of the greatest proofs that I have ever seen of the power of the Christianity of Jesus Christ. I have looked upon my people, my dark people. I have been where their heathen temples have been turned into Salvation Army barracks. I have been where their faces beam with dancing, unto the Lord, where a few months back they were dancing unto the devil. I have seen true Christianity in India. Christianity among the heathen, and such Christianity as often might have put our Christianity to shame over in civilized England. Such service rendered to the God they have embraced in the place of the false gods, they have turned aside from, that has made me weep and realise the power as never before of salvation straight from heaven.

Christianity is not a failure, has not proved a failure, in the ranks of the Salvation Army in India. People who have left home and father and mother for Christ's sake *have* gained the hundred-fold reward. One of our officers was telling me the other day in Cape Comorin of a lass who was in the Training Home with me. I brought her out to India nearly three years ago. In her village was a Hindu woman who was dreadfully prejudiced against the Salvation Army, used foul and dreadful language, and treated this girl-officer most cruelly. And yet through all, the officer loved her, for the first principle in true Christianity is love. One day—it was such a pretty little story, it made me think of Jesus Christ with the woman at the well—she went to the well to draw water. And this woman was there also, and she turned upon her shouting and storming and raving. Then this officer, Purami, went up to her and said in her own language, "Oh, my dear sister," and kissed her! The woman stood and thought for a few minutes, and then burst into passionate tears, and from that day could never do enough for the girl who had broken her hard heart.

### A FAILURE IN DEATH?

And then one other point, the chief point on which I think Christianity does not prove a failure—*in the struggle of death*.

It is easy to talk while our bodies are strong, and our appetites are good and our welfare is looked after, but it is *in death* that there is a need felt for real Christianity, and I know no greater proof of the value of the Christianity of Jesus Christ than when one stands by the death-bed of an unsaved soul.

To prove the success of Christianity in death's valley, I do not think I could use a better illustration in closing, than the illustration of my dear beloved mother. I remember it so well, just as if it were yesterday. I remember standing by the bed, and remember the triumphant expression that lit up the poor suffering face that had suffered so for the space of three years with that dreadful disease, cancer. I remember in that struggle the unmistakable triumph of a life-long enduring Christianity as it shone through her eyes, as it was gasped out in her little short sentences through her dear lips, and when she could not speak any longer, she pointed to the text on the foot of the bed with her dear thin hand, and passed triumphantly into the arms of a triumphant God on the banks of a triumphant heaven.

It was a triumphant Christianity when we sang,

"We are waiting at the River"

and

"Victory for me, through the Blood of Christ, my Saviour,"

and that beautiful verse that she was so fond of in life—

Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
Though life and health and friends be gone,
Though joys be withered all, and dead,
Though every comfort be withdrawn,
On this my steadfast soul relies,
"Father, Thy Mercy never dies."

"Oh, yes," you say—"I know a little about it. I did not kneel by the bedside of Mrs. Booth to know there was a Christianity, and a Christianity worth living, and a Christianity that was not a failure—though I have gone about and made out that there was not one, and that it was impossible to live a good life, and made out that it could not be for me, that I was not the sort to embrace it, still all the same I *did* kneel by the bedside of one whose Christianity I never doubted!" As that infidel said on board ship, "Miss Booth, you talk like my mother, and my mother was a Christian." I pointed him back to the time when he knelt by her side and I made him tell me his promise to her that he 'would be good'—but he found it was no use and he was going to New Zealand to take his chance there. He came face to face with a real Christian once and he had promised her to be good.

### CHRISTIANITY TRIUMPHANT!

Ah! Christianity is not a failure. I could stand before the world and say it if nobody in the world but my mother had embraced it. She embraced it in life, therefore she had its strength in death. She put her children out to sorrow and danger rather than be selfish and hold them back. She thrust herself into all sorts of trials, perplexities, and difficulties for the salvation of a poor lost world, and she often used to say on her death-bed, "I always feel I could have lived longer if I had taken more care of myself." But she would say, "Mind, I don't regret doing it. If I were to live again I should go faster still to warn the world." Ah! true Christianity is nothing but a glorious triumphant faith. Oh, that her mantle may fall on us, that her spirit may inspire our hearts, and that we may not go out of this hall ever to say again to anybody that we do not believe there is a Christianity than can keep us above the waves of sin and doubt, and hold our heads up over the sea of sorrow and make us triumphant through the Blood of the Lamb.

I have often thought how strangely Jesus Christ would contrast if He came down into the world again—how strange, how separate He would appear! Oh, how beautiful and pure His light would shine! How His courage would stand forth beside ours! But when there is a chance of speaking for Him, alas! we too often speak about the weather. When there is a chance of asking a never-dying soul if they are ready for heaven we ask them if they are ready for a party, or some amusement that will burst like a bubble.

One other point, *How to claim this Christianity*. I believe there are some aching hearts here that would like to know it, like to claim it. But I think I have kept you long enough, and I think we will leave this point until I speak in the last meeting of this series, when I hope you will all come to bid me farewell.

Poor and insignificant as my words have been, try to think a little over them, try to believe in your own soul that there is such thing as real Christianity, second to the fact that it has not proved a failure, and thus if it has not proved a failure in the life and death of my mother and hundreds of others it need not prove a failure with *you* or *anybody to do with you*. God bless you and keep you all!

## NOTES UPON THE "Grace-before-Meat" and Auxiliary Campaign.

Election fever, how it courses through the veins, brings a man out of his happy-go-lucky, jog-trot, ordinary round of life, shakes him up, sends him hurrying off far and near to catch votes for his candidate!

Some of our local "Grace-before-Meat box agents knew the experience, when time was not weighted with eternal questions as they are now. Now then, are yo as eager in the work of catching holders for your boxes as when you acted as a volunteer vote-hunter? How vastly and immensely more important is this work of

**Gathering Together the Sinews of War,**

of providing the necessary cash for the distribution of relief to the poor, the prisoner, the homeless, the fallen and the children of unfortunate circumstances!

Wanted, enthusiasts for gathering in cash for the building up of our Candidate's (Jesus) influence over the hearts and lives of men, for as long as our various Samaritan agencies are supported and successfully maintained, so surely and positively is it the fact that men and women and children are led in constantly increasing numbers nearer to God and Salvation.

Constantly through my uniform am I stopped by needy creatures enquiring if help can be rendered. The day on which I write has furnished its applicant. A young man, just out of prison in the morning, wanted work,

**Did Not Want to be Pauperized.**

What could he do? My immediate direction was to the Shelter, where, at an ... he could work enough to gain supp... shelter for the night. This is but ...

Last Saturday evening I stood for some time in the dining-hall of our Men's Shelter. It was crowded by poor, needy men of all kinds, respectable and otherwise, but all smitten with one complaint—hard-up-ness. Any disgrace? No, many literally forced to the wall by competition or incapacity, physically or otherwise. Downstairs crowded, reading room occupied. Just before I left, Helper Fletcher told me only five bed tickets were left; ten o'clock, and yet more to come.

**A Frequent Occurrence**

is that all our beds are occupied. Salvation meetings held three nights a week and on Sunday.

This Shelter is but one agency for relief for the poor in Toronto. What is the list for Canada again? Two cheap Food Depots, three night Shelters, two Prison Gate Homes, six Rescue Homes, Children's Shelter, Labor and Exchange Bureau, and Enquiry for Lost and Missing.

Local agents, you can help these by pushing the Grace-before-Meat boxes. Friends and soldiers, by taking one and remembering whilst at mealtime with the inner man plenteously provided for, the necessities of others, by dropping a financial crumb into the box at least once a week, you will thereby help to support our Canadian Social net.

Will local agents who have not done so, kindly push ahead with the collecting of the boxes given out previous to the 15th December? If you have not ere this received a letter, together with renewal slips, receipt book and advice form, kindly communicate at once with the Social Secretary, Toronto.

We regret the loss of a true friend to the poor of this city, the late W. H. Howland, ex-Mayor of Toronto, for many years a front rank enthusiastic worker in the uplifting of the human race. A Christian man himself and a friend of all who strove to help men and women to God. He was

**One of Our Earliest Auxiliaries**

in this country, and one at his death. Who will fill the gap on the Auxiliary roll?

There is a D.O. in Western Ontario who has not yet sent in his list of local agents for the "Grace-before-Meat" boxes in his district. Will you please do so at once?

F. T. M.

## From the London Rescue Home.

### THE GIRLS SPEND A CHRISTMAS TOGETHER.

I have been here in the London Rescue Home for twenty months, and have not written a report for the WAR CRY. (A terrible confession to make.—ED.) God has been blessing us so much lately, and revealing Himself in power, saving our girls. Praise Him for ever. About two weeks before Christmas I said to the Lieutenant, "We will invite all the girls in for supper on Saturday before Christmas, and after supper we will have a good prayer meeting, and get them well blest in their souls," but Lieutenant said

**"What Are We Going to Have For Supper?"**

I said. "I believe God is going to send in all we will need. We shall want some fruits to treat the girls with, but won't go out to ask for anything. We will just leave it all with God, He knows just what we need. I want two roast turkeys for supper," and, praise God, He sent along five and one goose. We can say, "God bless the kind-hearted people of London." They did give unto us as giving unto the Lord, for we had all we needed. Thank God. Thirteen girls sat down for supper. We spent some time at the supper-table. After supper we gave around some presents, such as cards, oranges, etc., which had been sent in for the girls, and then we had some singing and reading of God's own Word. Oh,

**Our Hearts Were Made Glad**

to hear seven of our girls pour out their hearts to God in prayer for saving and keeping them since last Christmas. They were so much happier now. Thank G. for ever opening a Rescue Home in London. We give Him all the glory for what is done.

Captain B. ELLERY.

The S... ...ryman ... doffed the bla... ...6.

# JUST WHAT TO DO

— TO —

## Get the Blessing.

### A WORD OF ADVICE TO ANXIOUS SOULS.

BY AMIGO.

Undoubtedly amongst the readers of the WAR CRY are to be counted a number of people who are earnestly and constantly seeking the blessing of a clean heart, the priceless gift of entire sanctification.

How often has the experience of the writer of these lines been that of others, when for three years he felt the conscious need of an indefinable something, the lack of which brought sorrow, disappointment, and inquietude.

No person can honestly and truly seek to serve God and benefit their fellow creatures without realizing from time to time the need of the entire cleansing which God has promised, and without following after His Holy Spirit, which is time after time referred to in God's Holy Book. The presentation of God's truth in its simplicity can only influence us to long after entire deliverance from all sin, and

**A Complete Conformity to God's Will,**

and acquiescence to his purposes.

Of course there are persons who never can attain to entire sanctification, that is, until there has been a radical change and alteration in themselves.

First, it is possible they do not desire holiness. They are quite satisfied with the amount of consecration, religion, and profession they have, indeed to have any greater love for dying souls would greatly interfere with their future prospects, their present experience and their ideas. So far as every day conduct is concerned, this might interfere with them in several ways:

(a) In the way they dress.
(b) The manner of spending their time.
(c) Their companionships.
(d) In their daily habits, expenditure, treatment of others, the time needed to be spent in prayer and in reading God's Book; and altogether such persons realize that they have no desire or wish for higher life, a deeper consecration, a closer walk with God, and as someone has fitly said, a conditon similar to this is only the first step towards a return to the world, a complete backsliding, and the condition in the last state will be worse than the first. Alas! alas! alas! how many have not only lost their first love, but have relapsed into hardness, indifference, uselessness, and almost Christlessness, and all because they were unwilling to go forward in the paths of righteousness, consecration, and devotion.

On the other hand there are a certain number who earnestly and conscientiously desire to be conformed to God's image and to live in the enjoyment of His smile; who crave for a complete deliverance from all sin, and to be filled with the Spirit of their Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and

**To Dedicate Their Lives**

entirely to Him for the salvation of precious souls, and it is to these I wish to say.

1. Be sure you get a correct and distinct view of the blessing promised and needed. What is it? It has been described as follows:—The extermination of indwelling sin, the carnal nature from the soul. It is such a destruction or removal of inbred sin as to make the heart the fountain of that affection, desire, and impulse pure. Be sure you come to a firm and decided resolution that will not cower when the knife is put to the heart to amputate its idols. Your purpose must be settled, decided, uncompromising, and unconquerable. None but an invincible resolution will answer. The day of the Lord is near in the valley of decision.

**Humble Yourself Under the Hand of God.**

Spiritual poverty is a prelude to spiritual enlargement. Blessed are the poor in spirit. Don't seek too easy a way. Be willing to die to sin. Endeavor to feel the deep, malignant, hateful nature of your depravity, your need of purity. Little sense of [illegible] will mean [illegible]ness. [illegible]

Your efforts in seeking after holiness will be likely to harmonize with the strength of your desires. These necessary feelings of penitence, self-abasement and a strong desire for holiness may be secured by prayer, searching the scriptures, meditation and self-examination.

And lastly, be sure that you make

**An Entire Consecration of Yourself**

to God—soul, body, time, talent, influence and your all, a complete abandonment of all to Christ. Search and then surrender, and re-search and surrender again until you get every vestige of self from the altar of consecration. There is no sanctification without an entire consecration. You must consecrate yourself in detail and get every item from the altar. In order to grasp the whole you must take in the items. The consecration must be perfect before the offering will be accepted. God will have a thorough work; purity will never be given or retained but on condition of entire, universal and unconditional abandonment of all sin and acceptance and approval of all the will of God.

You must believe that God has promised you this blessing in the Holy Scriptures. Believe what God hath promised

**He is Able to Perform.**

Believe that He is able and willing to do it now, and believe that He does it this very moment.

The evidence of your acceptance by God will be very clear and definite, just as clear as it was when you knelt at the foot of the cross asking pardon for all your sins, and having sought and obtained this priceless blessing, let me beseech of you to avoid as you would poison anything that will entangle you again with the yoke of bondage or bring you into condemnation and darkness.

Wanted, in Canada to-day, thousands of Salvationists, clear, definite on the lines of holiness, going out to save their fellow-creatures from sin, and living lives well pleasing in the sight of God!

# A Call For Candidates.

### HELP YOUR BRETHREN.

*"Ye shall pass before your brethren armed, all the mighty men of valor, and help them."*—Josh. i. 14.

In ancient days the warrior son of Nun
Stood on the eastern side of Jordan's wave,
And counsel thus to armed and portioned chiefs
Of Reuben, Gad, and half Manasseh, gave—

"Come, for the Lord hath given you pasture lands,
And cities of defence this side the flood;
Help your land-lacking brethren to possess
Eschol, Mamre, and rich hills blest of God."

And I would lift an earnest voice to-day
And say to rich, wise, holy sons of men,
"Come, help your brethren in a fiercer fray
Than that wherein the Anakims were slain."

"Ye who are armed with wealth pass on before,
To fight the giant evils of our time,
Your dear ones dwell in cities of defence
While ye make battle with the hosts of crime."

"Ye who are armed with learned tongue and pen,
More potent than the soldier's glittering sword;
Come help your struggling fellows; helping men,
Ye shall be fighting battles of the Lord."

"And ye who dwell by streams of Jesus' love,
In cities of defence of hope and faith,
Come in your might to this new Gibeon
And chase men and God's foes to caves of death."

"They are joint heirs with you, who fight with woe,
Want and oppression, Satan, lust and sin;
Ye armed and portioned ones, your ease forego,
Help them their promised heritage to win."

MARGARET G. CURRIE.

IT is recorded that the saintly Mrs. Fletcher spent on dress in one year nineteen shillings ($4.50), while she distributed to the necessitous £180 (over $900) during the same period.

## OUR Holiness Column

# NEW LIFE.

BY MRS. BOOTH.

Your heart is as bad as anybody else's! If you doubt this, just ask yourself a few simple questions. You say, I do none of these wicked things to which you refer. Perhaps not. But why? Your circumstances have been more favorable. The restraints of Providence, such as kind friends, education, Christian influence, and other causes, have modified your outward life—not because your heart is any better. But for these restraints you would have been as wicked as many around you.

But though you are not outwardly wicked, have you not sufficient evidence of the sinfulness of your heart in other directions? For instance: You are conscious that you have no true religion. You don't even profess to have. You practise none of the duties or exercises of religion. You have never truly repented of and forsaken sin. You don't truly pray and habitually read God's Word. You are not even striving to love God with all your heart and your neighbor as yourself. No; you live in indifference towards God, and in the rejection of both His law and gospel.

What further proof can you require of the depravity of your heart than this? But further, you know not only that you have no true religion, but also that there is much in your heart that is opposed to God. You entertain hard and dishonoring thoughts of God. Your heart often rebels against His government, in order to meet your own evil propensities, and your rebellious will often sets itself in open defiance of His purposes. You know that God commands you to repent and to forsake sin—asks for your heart and your love—and requires you to form your plans and purposes with respect to His will and glory. But you systematically ignore both, and form them with reference to your own ease, pleasure, gain, or ambition. With all your boasted morality, you have thought, and felt, and desired, and done many things for which your own heart has condemned you, and which you would not for the world confess before this assembly. I ask you why you have thus thought and acted contrary to the dictates of your conscience. Because your heart is depraved, alienated from God, and committed to self and Satan.

Therefore, you see how this heart-depravity unfits you for the kingdom of God. The true service of God is obedience prompted by love. "If ye love Me, keep My commandments." "Why call ye Me, Lord, Lord, and do not the things that I say?" "The first and greatest commandment is this, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart." How can a man love God when his heart is estranged, and full of sin, and rebellion, and selfishness? Impossible!

**Sinner, You Hear**

the Bible and your conscience calling on you to love God. You feel that you ought, and perhaps you have tried, but you cannot. Your heart *will* love the world, pleasure, sin, business, anything but God. The moment you turn your thoughts towards God, instead of love and desire there springs up repugnance and dread. Why is this? Because your heart is wicked, and therefore it is contrary to its evil nature to love God. Before you can love Him, your wicked heart must be changed. And this is the reason why you cannot enter His kingdom except ye be born again.

Further, the natural unrenewed heart is incapable of entering into the enjoyments of the kingdom of God on earth or in heaven. Nothing seems to puzzle unsaved people more, with respect to the Salvation Army, than the happiness of our people. Sinners don't understand and cannot appreciate the joys of the spiritual kingdom; they are spiritually discerned; to the natural man they are foolishness, he cannot know them.

One of the chief of these enjoyments is knowing and loving God. To the wicked the very thought of God is misery. But the pure in heart see Him, have fellowship with Him, and rejoice in the light of His countenance. His smile is more to them than thousands of gold and silver.

But nothing is more irksome to the unconverted than intercourse with real saints; in fact, they cannot endure it, and always run away from it when possible. Sinners find their happiness here in eating and drinking, reading novels, dress, business, going to concerts, theatres, etc., from which, to say the least, God is shut out. Unconverted people would be wretched without these and kindred occupations and amusements. But the kingdom of God provides occupations and joys of an entirely different character. Therefore, for the sinner to enter these he must be born again.

# How Do You Stand in This Matter?

### WANTED, MORE VOWS KEPT!

In one of Stanley's books of African travel, he relates an incident that occurred when he was once floating down the Congo. They were in great straits. They were starving in a land of plenty because the savages would not let them land to get food. The wife of one of the followers was lying in the bottom of the boat dying. She called for Stanley and said faintly to him, "Master, I shall never see my home again. I shall never see the ocean. It is a bad world, Master,

**And You Have Lost Your Way in It."**

How many things there are in this life that appear strange to be understood, and sometimes one is almost tempted to feel that we have lost our way! However, there is a hand that points through the blue, and if we will follow the leadings of God's Spirit, do our utmost to bring souls to Christ, believing the while that those things that we cannot understand we shall find out as we stand in the presence of God, with the souls we have led to Christ beside us, all things will work together for good.

Happy the man who is the Columbus to his own soul! Our greatest power lies in the direction of unexpected and undeveloped qualities. No one knows what is in him until he be tried. This truth cuts both ways, and applies to the good qualities as well as the latent wickednesses and vices. Abraham, for example, could not have known how much faith he had in God

**Until He Flashed the Bare Blade**

over the bosom of his beloved son. Daniel did not measure his own courage until the threat of the lions' den stared him in the face. One of the greatest purposes of God's dealing and discipline with His people is not only to put His grace into them, but to bring His grace out of them.

The great need of the present day is for more saved people and better. We need more saved merchants and mothers. Christians are mining in theology, discovering new truth, but the need of new truth is less imperative than the need of new living!

# An M.D's Testimony.

The Army has been of great service to me in pushing me along until I soon learned that the Lord did not bless His children unless they willingly acknowledged Him and served Him.

I would have gladly kept quiet and let others work. I could not get the consent of my mind that it would be right for me to sit on the platform and wear the uniform and march the streets, but praise God I have tried it, and found that the Lord approved of it. He led me along until I took upon myself the vows of a Salvation Army soldier on the 12th day of January, 18[illegible], and I do feel that it was one of the most important steps in my life, and I can readily realize the manner of man I am. I have been a successful physician for thirty-five years, and going into the Army se[illegible] to be God's will for me, even if He [illegible] call upon me to lay aside all practice a[illegible] to the proclamation of His salva[illegible]. His will is my law, and I will ever t[illegible] as He directs.

I will aid [illegible], and fight its battles and conflicts [illegible] the Lord shall say: "It is enou[illegible] up higher." But I am a strong [illegible]thy man now, and I have promis[illegible] that my few remaining years shall b[illegible] in His service.

The conve[illegible] Brother Thomas A. Ward, an [illegible]-law, who was a "Bob Inger[illegible]del," took place not long after my [illegible]version.

He attende[illegible] many meetings at Winfield, and th[illegible]r instrumentality God's Spirit [illegible]y into his hard heart, and he [illegible] soundly converted man.

[illegible]. FORD, M.D.

MUSICIANS [illegible] ...ree different back Musical Salvo... ...t of 10c., or ten



THE

# LIFE-STORY OF JIM,

THE CONVERTED

**Gilder, Painter, Assistant Draper, Coachman, Assistant Ironmonger, Clerk, Sailor, Soldier, Officer.**

Jim was born in a small village called Mere Green, near Normacot, Staffordshire, England, in the year 1873. His parents, who were anxious that their eldest son should gain a reputation for himself, and become a good man, sent him to Sunday School.

Now, when Jim was fourteen years old, he went as an apprentice to a gilder. During his apprenticeship he fell in with evil companions, who led him into sin. He first engaged in football playing, then the skating rink, and then the theatre.

After finishing his apprenticeship, he commenced piecework, and so earned good wages; but instead of taking his full wages to his mother he,

**Like Ananias and Sapphira,**

kept back part of the price, and said that was all he earned that week. However, time came when he was obliged to leave the business on account of his eyes failing him, and after being out of work a few weeks, he succeeded in securing another situation in a draper's shop as assistant, in the town of Newcastle.

All went well for a time, until one day Jim was sent by his master down to the garden for some fruit and vegetables. Whilst walking in the garden, a beautiful tea-rose attracted the eye of Jim, and the evil one said, "That will suit your coat fine to-morrow. Take it." So Jim stole the rose and hid it under his hat. A few days elapsed, when the master missed the tea-rose, and on enquiry asked if I had taken it. I answered, "No, sir," and was dismissed that day from my situation.

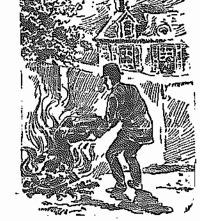
Again I was out of employment, with no character, a disgrace to the town. What was I to do? I could not find another situation in that town as my name was spread abroad.

However, one day while reading the newspaper, I saw wanted a coachman and to assist in a chemist shop in the town of Tunstall. When applying for the situation the gentleman asked if I had been to work before, and I answered, "No, sir," and therefore obtained the place. I commenced a fresh life; I said I would live better—these good resolutions being made on my knees—but day after day

**I Sank Deeper and Deeper Into Sin.**

On several occasions I stole money from my mistress' purse; stole cigars by the dozen, stole articles out of the shop, and after they all had retired to rest at night, I would come down stairs, make my way to the wine cellar, and empty a bottle of port wine into myself. Next morning I would be found asleep on the top of the stairs. This went on for some weeks, and I soon had an appetite for liquor.

One Saturday when sent out with some advertising bills, and ordered to write down on paper what streets I had delivered them, instead of obeying my master, I went behind some house and



**Set Fire to Them All.**

After going away, thinking it was all right, some woman who saw me accomplish the act, took up what was left of the burned bills, and brought them to my master. When I arrived at the shop, my master asked me if I knew anything about the burnt bills, and I answered, "No, sir!" He then said if I didn't clear out of the town in ten minutes he would give me a fortnight in jail.

Again my character was in bad repute. "What must I do now? If I go home, my father will not have me. However, I'll try him."

On arriving at home, my father said, "How is it you are home?" I told him I had been dismissed. He said, "It is no use me trying to help you any more. Here is money for you, clear out of the towns of Staffordshire and go to Liverpool."

Next day I proceeded to Liverpool, where, while walking along a street one Sunday, I was attracted by the band of the Salvation Army. I followed them to the meeting, and after a fortnight's conviction,

**Got Blessedly Saved**

on the 20th December, 1889. The officers and soldiers took an interest in me, and I soon found employment in an ironmonger's shop.

After working there some months, I left to go to a better situation, having a good character. I worked in an office as clerk for two years; left on account of ill-health, and then went to sea as sailor for nine months. From there I entered into training at Stratford, England, and am now fighting as an officer in the ranks of the Salvation Army in Canada. Sinner, what God has accomplished in my life He is able to do for the very vilest. Seek Him now. God bless you.

J. HARRIS, Lieutenant.

# Answers to Correspondents.

SISTER CLARKE, VICTORIA, B.C.:

My dear Comrade,—We have received your contribution for the New Year's CRY, but, unfortunately, too late. We are very sorry, as we should have liked to have inserted it, and we trust you will not be discouraged.

Kindly send us on another contribution.

TO OUR SISTER IN THE CONVALESCENT HOME:

My dear comrade,—Many thanks for your contribution, which unfortunately arrived too late for the Christmas CRY, also for the kind and practical expression of your sympathy towards our Social wants. May God bless and be with you.

We wish you a continuance of that smile and favor of God, which I believe is yours.

MY DEAR CAPTAIN:

Thanks for your suggestion in reference to Holiness articles. We are arranging to have a few more of these in the CRY. As you can easily understand, we are often pressed for space, and the difficulty in editing the Canadian WAR CRY, or any other paper, is that people forget that we have to deal with readers who have different tastes and likings. For instance, you get ten people together and ask them what they prefer best in the CRY, and probably from the ten you will get five or six different answers, so you see how unjust it would be, even to insert in the CRY what is only liked by one particular officer, and leave out what others prefer. Thinking people will recognize this difficulty, although there will always be a few who imagine that their likings and wishes should be law, and that those who differ from them cannot possibly be right.

We are glad to hear you like the CRY. Yes, send on your contribution, and we will do our best with it.

May God bless you and give you the joy of seeing many souls saved.

THE following are a few testimonies that were given at a recent All-Night of Prayer held by the Chief-of-Staff, London:

1. "I came to have clean lips." He handed over his idols.
2. "I want to testify; God has given me the power to do it."
3. "Pride has been my besetment; but I'm willing now for any cross. I have been serving Christ out of duty, not love."
4. "A grudge against a brother stood between me and the blessing; but it is removed to-night."
5. "I shall wear the uniform after to-night."
6. "My passions and lusts are my masters every now and again, because I have never before been willing to do all that God wanted me to."
7. "I did not know what the blessing of a clean heart was before. I now know it. I've the witness that God has created it within me."

# WAITING!

**He Waits, and Waits, and Waits—What the Poor Deluded Girl Said—He Dies a Drunkard—Our Ranks in Canada and Newfoundland—Wanted, a Hundred Volunteers.**

BY STAFF-CAPTAIN J. READ, NEWFOUNDLAND.

For twenty-eight long days have I been on the go, toiling and laboring incessantly around the North-East part of Newfoundland, visiting various corps, cheering officers, getting sinners saved, commissioning Sergeants, dedicating babies, etc., etc., etc.

At last I am at the close of my tour *waiting* for the homeward-bound steamer. For hours I have *waited* and *waited* sitting up nearly the whole of the past night. The ship is *delayed*, and I am still *waiting*. Those who understand a Divisional Officer's work can readily imagine the situation. The month's tour ended. Piles of work *awaiting* me on my return to Headquarters, St. John. Full of anxiety to get there in order to lay new plans and schemes for the overthrow of hell's legions. This *waiting* is a tiresome business. Seizing my pen, I hasten to make the most of my *waiting* moments, utilizing them in writing these lines, which will, I sincerely pray, be of untold blessing to many CRY readers.

*Sinner, you are waiting!* "Almost persuaded" have you been for many long years! Your *tarrying* has been so continued and so long that your hair may have grown grey, your steps tottering, your manhood decaying, and thus you rush on to an awful doom. At your mother's knee you prayed. Deep and solemn convictions wrapped your soul when young and tender in years, but these were shaken off.

**You Lingered, You Tarried, You Waited,**

your sun will go down. All too soon will the axe be laid to the root of the tree, and as a ground-cumberer you will be hurried into eternity a procrastinator of God's goodness, kindness and love. Beware! The arch-fiend of hell gets people to *wait*, and thus is sure of his victims if they put off their salvation. "*Wait* till I get old, and I will put in the dregs of my life serving God," sneers the man of the world. "*Wait* until I have gained a fortune, and I'll turn religious," says another. "*Wait* until I have had my fill of the dance, the opera, the party," is heard from a poor deluded girl, and thus they *wait* and *wait* till hell, with all its torments, opens 'neath their feet, they die in torture and suffering, and enter that abode of the damned, where "their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched."

*Drunkard, you are waiting!* Would you die a wretch and fill a pauper's grave? Then keep the wine cup, the liquor bowl, the beer tumbler to your lips and your fate is sure. O the agony depicted in the bloated, bleary face and blood-shot eyes of a drunkard! The mark of the beast is upon him. He *waited* at the bar no doubt in years gone by for his parent's "supper ale." He may have *waited* on his journey home and taken a few sips. Doubtless that is just the time and spot where the serpent first sent his poisonous venom into that boyish heart. A love for the vile drink was created.

**With Fascinating Hold it Seized Him.**

Hours and hours since that fatal first sip has he *tarried* at the cup until the sequel is approached. In agony and despair, wringing his hands, tearing his hair, and raging in *delirium tremens*, HE DIES A DRUNKARD!

*Money-grabber, you are waiting.* Gold, gold, gold! Sitting up night after night, the miser scrapes and plans and schemes to get money. He *tarries* over his books into the small hours of the morning. He *waits* for and seizes every chance to defraud and cheat his neighbor. What cares he if the scale is a bit out? Suppose the yard measure is an inch too short? He smiles at his shame-facedness. He pulls down his old barns and builds greater. His eyes stand out with fatness. He *awaits* his chances and pounces upon the innocent. There is no respect of persons with the Righteous Judge, and while the miser is engaged in amassing money

**The Sudden Divine Charge and Summons**

sounds upon his ears, "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee!" "Bring my money, put it under my pillow. I have spent a life-time in securing it, and I'll die with my treasure under my head." Thus shrieked a dying miser.

*Comrade-soldier, you are waiting.* For years you have lived a good life. You promised God you would do so if He would save you. Quite right too! But you are a *tarrying* soldier, maybe. You are *waiting* in your corps. Doubtless in the stillness of the night you have heard His voice calling you forward to more desperate warfare.

As He called, before your mind floated millions of poor drowning souls on the River of Time. With shrieks and groans of despair they sank beneath the billows before your very eyes.

**But You Waited.**

You let them drown and die. Did you murder them, soul and body? Our ranks, both in Canada and Newfoundland, are full of young, strong, healthy people who *know* they should be out in the battle-field, out in the harvest-field. Their *delay* causes them to backslide, get cold, callous, careless and indifferent to the claims of a dying world. They *wait*, *wait* and *wait* until their presence on the platform creates a cold feeling. Constantly God urges them to apply for the work, but they defiantly fight against Jesus and to ruin they go. Wanted—during the coming winter in Newfoundland, one hundred (100) sanctified, strong, able-bodied, young Salvation Army Soldiers to apply for the Army work to Staff-Captain J. Read, St. Johns.

## WESTERN PROVINCE

BRIGADIER MARGETTS

# Short and Pithy From Brandon.

### A VISIT ALL ROUND.

SERGEANT-MAJOR J——, Brother Pusll, Brother Livingstone, Brother Davidson, and Sister Gooding composed our Self-Denial Praying Gang.

OUR FIRST DRIVE was about forty miles. With a change of horses we managed to pull through to Neepawa. A good meeting, a good collection, and one soul in the fountain, Captain and Mrs. Elliott in good spirits; everything looking more cheerful than at last visit. Brother Grant shod our Self-Denial horse free, and Mrs. Grant put us up a good lunch. God bless them.

FORTY MILES bring us to Rapid City. We stopped at Minnedosa and paid a quarter for house room and a table to attend to our lunch. Captain Cowan and Lieutenant Scott have done their level best for the scheme.

A TWENTY-TWO MILES' DRIVE finds us at Brandon. Mail calls for our attention for a few hours. Again a change of horses, and off we go to Alexander, about eighteen miles further. A good crowd, good collection, great kindness from Mr. McCloud and others, and the presence of God made it a pleasant visit. Our guitar player was sick. Methodists look after wounded, and "Forward" is the word.

OAK LAKE is reached. Hall packed, two Methodist ministers, two lady evangelists, and one Baptist minister, assisting us. Good time, liberal response, much good done, free boarding house, much kindness. God bless the people!

GRESWOLD next. Hall cheap, Adjutant's voice gave out, Brother Johnston, saved Methodist, together with his wife, very kind, people friendly. Well done, Greswold!

SOURIS reached. Hall rented, got drum from town band, good meetings, Jesus with us.

HOME AGAIN to find Brigadier Margetts about to conduct half-night of prayer; good time; quite a revival of interest. Praying Gang tired, but happy. Drove through bitter cold 173 miles, six days; meetings every night.

ADJUTANT MAGEE.

## The Old Man's Lament.

BY F. M. K.

When thinking of the wretchedness
That sin had o'er me cast,
And praising God with all my heart
That it was of the past,
My mind has wandered to a fact
That I do sadly rue,
It is, that of the souls in hell
I've helped to send a few.

There's Bill; a jolly chum he was,
And many a spree we had.
One day while working in the bush,
A tree fell! He is dead!
And Tom and Jack and Harry
I led them forth in sin;
When Judgment comes shall heaven be mine,
And they not enter in [illegible]

ADJUTANT JEWER, D.O.

## TORONTO TREMBLINGS.

Captain Banks and Lieutenant Tucker, of Riverside and Little York, report two prisoners during the last four weeks. True, this does not appear a large number, but if these two can be turned into fighting soldiers, and set to save somebody else, those folks who are good at Salvation addition, can reckon what the result will be at the end of 1894. Three months ago when Captain Banks took charge, they were selling sixty-five WAR CRYS and ten *Young Soldiers*. To-day their number is 108 WAR CRYS and thirty *Young Soldiers*. Good, Captain, may you have greater increases still!

* * *

YORKVILLE.—Captain Smith and Lieutenant Young still hold the fort. Three months ago Yorkville was selling seventy-five CRYS and thirty-five *Young Soldiers*. December 22nd they report 100 WAR CRYS and thirty *Young Soldiers* sold. A WAR CRY Brigade at Yorkville would even bring about a greater improvement still.

* * *

Captain Wale, assisted by Captain Hardman, is on the bridge at Lisgar Street. Their little vessel continues to plow its way through every sea of difficulty, and they report two souls saved during the first four weeks of December. Eight recruits are

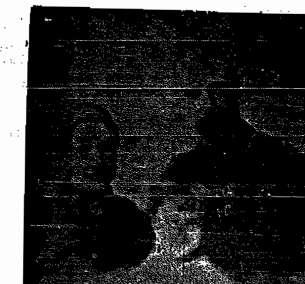
ENSIGN McNAMARA, Lippincott Garrison.

on the books, so the Brigadier is daily expecting an invitation to conduct an enrolment meeting. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick." Now, Captain, what do you say? In October the number of WAR CRYS sold was ninety, the returns for December are about the same.

* * *

Captain and Mrs. Wiseman, with Lieutenant Harris are going ahead at Richmond Street. It has not been all plain sailing at Farley Avenue. Difficulties have had to be surmounted, and every advantage gained has been obtained at the cost of flesh and blood. Still we are marching on. Four prisoners are reported during December. This is good news; nay, the best news of all. We are believing for an enrolment meeting at Richmond Street. The last visiting reported from the Captain that we have, very similar to others that preceded it, is twenty hours' visitation for the week. What Toronto officer can beat it? Three months ago the number of WAR CRYS taken was sixty, they now report ninety.

ADJUTANT McMILLAN, Social Work.



BRIGADIER, MRS. De BARRITT, and MILDRED.

## TORONTO NOTES.

BRIGADIER De BARRITT.

The Commandant has been away from Headquarters quite a piece this week. He is timed to arrive in Toronto with the Newfoundland Praying Gang at the end of January. We have been extremely sorry to hear that the wife of our beloved Commissioner has been so unwell during the last few days. Unfortunately, Mrs. Booth caught a severe cold at the Prohibition meeting at the Temple and has been unwell ever since. We will hope and pray, however, that before these words are in cold type we shall have the joy of knowing that she is quite recovered and well.

* * *

Captain Freeman appears determined to make things move at the corner of Wilton Avenue and Victoria Street. The meetings there are getting very interesting, and quite a substantial little corps is being built up. Miss Macdonald continues, as heretofore, to put forth every effort to better the condition of these men, body and soul. Cadet Griffiths is found at the Prison Gate and Police Court every morning. Wood-chopping is provided for the poor men who, during this cold weather, would otherwise starve and die in our streets. And thus the good work rolls on—salvation for body and soul.

* * *

The Commandant has decided to give the name of the "Retreat" to the new Women's Shelter next to the Temple. Already a few applicants have found their way there, and one is led to think that a very long-felt want will now be supplied and met. Captain Mey and Lieutenant Robinson, who are responsible to Mrs. Booth for the conducting of this Home, are determined to keep salvation well to the front, and will not let any inmate enter or leave this Home without praying over them and endeavoring to bring them to God.

* * *

We have read about Canadian weather. In days gone by we perused the records of North Pole seekers and Arctic explorers, and felt intensely for these comrades who suffered so acutely through the cold. There is an old hymn we used to sing in days gone by which involuntarily comes to our lips to-day. "What we have felt and seen, with confidence we tell." Really, coming down to the office this morning it appeared as if we were walking on a sea of ice, and as if icebergs were to the right and left. A cold, biting, piercing wind made one shiver all through. After three years in a tropical climate, where for three or four hours in the middle of the day one has to keep indoors because of the scorching sun, in a land where snow is unknown and where the ground is often so hot as to burn through one's boots, it is certainly no joke to face a Canadian winter. However, we have called in to our assistance steam-pipe, stoves, overcoats, mufflers, gloves, fur caps, and have made sundry inquiries as to whether it is possible to invent a portable stove that one can carry about and thus prevent a calamity in turning up at Territorial Headquarters some morning in the shape of a Salvation iceberg.

If, however, this cold is searching whilst one makes their way to the sanctum, judge of it when one has to face the open-air as we had the other night at Dovercourt. Plenty of beautiful vacant corner plot round which the wind seemed to go like a real Arctic blast, cutting, smarting, and making one feel as if they were almost in the hands of La Grippe again. Beautiful snow flakes which just appeared to drop into the wrong place as one began to sing, "We will lift up our banner on high." From a hastily-opened door some kindly, well-disposed person would thrust out their head just long enough to let us see a kindly nod of recognition, and just as hastily withdrawn with a half smile which seemed to say, "It is easier to sing 'Rescue the perishing,' than to do it outside on a night like this."

* * *

The Ward System will soon be in full operation all over the city. Full and complete instructions are now in the hands of every officer in Toronto. The scheme was outlined in the meeting we had at Lippincott and we are now looking forward to a real advance all round. However in order that what is required may be stamped upon every memory let us reiterate.

Every corps is divided into districts. Over every district is placed two visiting sergeants, a sister and brother. A book is given to them containing the names of all soldiers, recruits, backsliders and friends in that ward. These they visit as often as possible. Their books are examined by the Captain every month. A cross has to be put opposite each name they visit. A sister and brother sergeant are placed in charge of the penitent-form. On a penitent coming out, their name is immediately passed by the penitent-form sergeant to the ward sergeant in whose district they live. This convert must then be hunted up by the ward sergeant and be reported on at the end of the first week and the end of the first month. The ward sergeant will attend the census meeting, at which the local officers sit with the Captain and determine what names are to come on the roll and what names are to come off, in order to give his or her recommendation as to what names are to be put on or any that should be struck off those who live in his ward. They will then retire and the census officials will decide as to whether the name has to come on or not.

ADJUTANT MILLER, in Charge of "Grace-Before-Meat" Boxes.

DOVERCOURT.—Cadet-Captain Garrett still has his hand on the Salvation express at Dovercourt. She runs slowly, very slowly; too slowly for a go-ahead comrade like Garrett. Still they are holding on; house-to-house visitation, cottage meetings, special demonstrations, and renewed consecration on the part of soldiers must, I think, have good results.

* * *

WEST TORONTO JUNCTION. — Captain Hurtable is away for a few days' furlough having been sticking hard on for a considerable time without any break. In the meantime, Lieutenant Bailey and Cadet Slater hold the fort. Our fight at West Toronto Junction is a hard one; one of the most difficult in the city or out of it, and our comrades are honored by having entrusted to them a real difficult task.

* * *

ARTHUR STREET.—Ensign Macnamara is now in charge of this corps with Captain Findlay to especially assist her here. Arthur Street is another hard fight; the sort of fight that makes officers who will have the real desperation, reliance on God and determination to conquer.

A. de B.

CAPTAIN FREEMAN, of the Lifeboat [redacted] (*pro tem*).

## GAZETTE.

MARRIED—

At Sarnia, on December 19th, 1893, by Brigadier Holland, *Captain Rushton Stubbs*, who came out of Walkerton, to *Captain Gertrude Sandick*, who came out of Ingersoll.

## NEXT WEEK'S CRY.

REPRESENTATIVES FROM THE WESTERN PROVINCE.



# Territorial Topics.

BY THE COMMANDANT.

I am compelled to disappoint my readers this week as to the promised description of the Self-Denial battle. But it really is *not* our fault. The returns are not yet all in. Why they should be so long in arriving I cannot conceive. It is both unwise and unfair to all parties concerned that I should make calculations and form judgments before I am in possession of all the facts. The delay in sending forward the remittances to Headquarters has thrown out our reckonings. As I write, there are still districts as well as corps from which we have nothing but hearsay to go by. *Hearsay*, under such conditions, would be most unjust to others. Next week, however, I shall have no difficulty in laying the whole campaign before the world. Everybody will be quite safe in looking for victory.

* * *

A most important change in the field has been decided upon. It is, though, rather a development than a change. There is to be a new Province formed in Ontario, or rather an enlargement of the present existing Toronto Province. The immense distances covered by the arrangements now in force, and the enormous amount of time and money consumed in getting about, is one of the chief reasons leading to this decision. It is also more and more desirable that the Provincial Secretaries should be ever at hand among their District Officers and Field Officers, inspiring them to action, and helping by their encouragement and counsel. Our greater problems are all in Ontario, and the more enterprise and skill we can utilize consistently with our means in overcoming them, the sooner we shall carry the day. The new Province, which will be called Central Ontario, will be, therefore, an enlargement of the present Toronto Province by the addition of the Barrie, Bracebridge, Hamilton, St. Catharines, Collingwood, Uxbridge, Bowmanville, and Lindsay Districts. This will give a total of nine Districts and fifty-two corps, leaving East Ontario with nine Districts and fifty-two corps, and West Ontario with twelve Districts and fifty-eight corps.

* * *

Brigadier de Barritt will therefore be in charge of the Central regiments of our Ontario forces. He will be the better able to devote his attention to them in consequence of Major Complin's arrival, who will relieve him of the Editorial work, which has up to the present occupied much of his time. We shall all pray and believe with all our hearts that the Brigadier may be made even a greater blessing to the new Districts over which he will preside than he has been to Toronto, where of late he has made it so increasingly hot for the devil. The new change will come into effect on the first week in February. It is needless to say that both Brigadiers Holland and Scott concur heartily in the new arrangement, and unite in wishing their comrade Brigadier a bright and happy New Year in his increased responsibilities.

* * *

Brigadier Jacobs has safely arrived in Scotland. He writes me that God favored him with a calm passage almost all the way, and that neither he, his dear wife, nor his children were called upon to wrestle with the perils of the deep. He is in good spirits. Finds all well at "home." (Brigadier, your home is *Canada!*) At the little town where he stays, he finds the Army without officers, and consequently made up his mind, when writing, to "turn Captain next Sunday." Good! The Brigadier hails from a land where the circumstances have taught us to turn *anything* calculated to *help* matters.

* * *

Brigadier Margetts sends me a copy of a motto for 1894, tastily printed on card. He has despatched one to each of his officers. The motto did me good, and I fixed it in my office straight off, where it will be read with profit many a time during 1894. It reads: "Pray your way through."

* * *

Many of the Ontario District Officers are under notice to farewell from their present commands. The change will take place before the end of January, and particulars will be published next week. Now for another charge!

* * *

Newspaper editors, reporters, and "lovers of the Army" in general, please note: It is no earthly use writing the Commandant long letters urging self-defence and reply every time there happens to be a local dispute anywhere. Take it for granted that difficulties will happen, sad as they are. This being so, it is wisest to deal with them philosophically as well as charitably. You won't stop the inflammation in a man's eye by proceeding to punch it, neither will you stop a fight by deciding to become the second party in the dispute. Our duty is to do RIGHT and fear NONE, leaving God and time to lick us clean. How wonderfully has this been done the last eighteen months, and how much more gloriously will it be so the next! Go on getting people *saved*. Anything that stops you doing that is of the devil. Be sure that the man who can't get to the dying with his help, for the crowd of his "rights" and "wrongs" and "injuries" and "grievances" that obstruct the way, knows little of the Spirit of Him Who permitted Himself to be *murdered* that others might be helped and saved. Beware of those who would rather profit by discord than suffer for the good of others. In this case the saying of the mob at Calvary might be adapted thus: "They saved *themselves*, but others they could not save."

* * *

The time is come, I believe, when some more systematic effort must be made for the meeting of our local financial demands. The present system is anything but satisfactory. In most cases it may be styled the "hitty-missy method." It is a blissful sailing on till the smash comes or a ceaseless grind of one or two willing hearts. How much of this can be avoided by a little systematic forethought, and better distribution of responsibility. No officer ought to be left with the sole burden of financing a local corps. Each local officer and soldier should bear their share, and would do gladly, I believe, did they know what that share was. The plan preparing will ensure this. In future it is proposed that every corps throughout the Dominion should be required to submit to the D.O., a budget showing the probable income and expenditure for the coming six months, and showing what steps will be taken to meet any deficit when there is one. This is the only business-like way of piloting a corps through its many difficulties, and it is the only method by which the individual members can be enabled to know on the one hand their just payments, and on the other, responsibility for meeting them. The scheme will be explained later when complete; meanwhile, officers should study carefully the explanation of the Corps Budget Scheme as explained in the December *Officer*.

* * *

Christmas and New Year seem to have been spent most happily in all our Social Institutions. Mrs. Booth presided at a dinner at the Rescue Home, Toronto, where a most touching and blessed little gathering took place. From London, Captain Ellery writes most encouragingly. Things seem to be very hopeful there. Speaking of her Christmas, she says:—

"Thank God we have had a blessed time. Don't remember a Christmas when I have felt the power of God so round about me. We had nine of the old girls in for tea, thirteen altogether. One got saved this morning. Thank God. Out of the thirteen girls, eleven now profess to be saved. The others are satisfactory, one being very near the kingdom."

Go on, Captain Ellery, with all your brave associates in this work! The discouragements, the difficulties of it, are well known to us and to your Master.

* * *

At "Joe Beef" they had a mighty time. Captain Fox sent me a wire of congratulation from the dinner table. I suppose it was an acknowledgment of my contribution to the feast. The wire reads: "Our Christmas dinner grand success. One hundred and twenty-one present. Joe Beef sends greeting." I never felt my heart go out to any institution more than I have done to our Lighthouse in Montreal. The last time I was there I addressed an audience of men exactly of the character which I believe the Lord Jesus Himself would be the first to seek out. We've had some glorious cases of conversion already, and there are still more glorious ones to come. Who knows whether some of our best, most God-honored and loyal officers are yet to be recruited from these Harbors of Refuge wherein we gather the most despairing of society? There is a deep philosophy in those words of Jesus Christ's: "But to whom little is forgiven the same loveth little." That is why harlots and thieves often take a better place in heaven than the children of the Kingdom. A man saved from strangling in the Slough of Despond will not so quickly think evil of the organization which has rescued him as he who is forever piping on the immense sacrifices suffered to enter it. Man has always been looking upward for his prophets and heroes, but it would appear that God has always looked downwards. The race seeks reformers among statesmen, peers and princes. Jesus Christ recruits them from the gutter.

* * *

Staff-Captain Morris is at present in Halifax searching out the land and making the necessary arrangements for the opening of the new Shelter there. His first despatch has arrived, giving plans and particulars of the properties under consideration. He intends to visit the leading people of the city, including the Mayor and Town Councillors. If Halifax wants a Shelter and a Rescue Home, and all the blessings they entail, the least we really expect is that her wealthy citizens should come to the help of the poor Salvation Army with the rent and fittings. Doubtless they will.

* * *

As previously noted in the Gazette, Major Calhoun has farewelled from Hamilton, and takes command of the London corps and District. Ensign Archibald leaves London for the Guelph corps and District. Ensign Aikenhead has left Chatham, and taken the reins at Hamilton. Ensign Gale has left Owen Sound, and writes me full of spirit and faith for his new appointment at Woodstock. Ensign Clark is taking a much-needed furlough for a few weeks. Ensign Miller has left Guelph, and taken up the responsibilities of the Chatham corps and District, while Ensign Goodwin goes to Owen Sound after a faithful service at Dresden. Ensign Cass we are glad to welcome back again to Staff duties. He assumes the command of the Dresden corps and District.

* * *

Now, my dear comrades, do not think that because the Commandant omitted to mention this most important transaction on our battle-field that he did not think and pray over every appointment. The rush in which I have lived during the last few weeks must be my excuse. It is really a wonder that I have been able to do anything but the thing close up to me. Although late, let me wish you and the comrades whom you are to lead, every blessing and every victory.

## CHRISTMAS AT THE TORONTO RESCUE HOME.

### Mrs. Booth's Words of Encouragement and Cheer.

The Christmastide just passed has left behind it blessed soul-stirring memories that will linger long with us, for with them has been inspired a greater love for the Christ of Bethlehem, and therefore for the lost whom He came to save.

The Home had quite a festive air with its evergreens and roses, and as early as 1:30 a.m. there was a pottering of feet in the halls, and as the girls went to look into their stockings we could hear exclamations of, "Oh, here's a Bible,

**Just the Thing I've been Praying For!"**

"My, look at this beautiful white apron!" "Isn't my card pretty!" etc., and although rather sleepy, we all met at the breakfast-table full of joy and gladness, and as we read together of the birth of our King, every heart seemed to go out to Him in thankfulness.

The Lord answered our prayers, for we had asked Him to make it the very best Xmas our girls had ever known. He did not forget to put it into the hearts of kind friends to provide for the temporal wants of His children, and so the beautiful turkey and plum-pudding were

**Forthcoming and Duly Appreciated.**

But the best time of the day came at tea-time, when our dear Rescue leader, Mrs. Booth, came to take tea and have a meeting with us. Nothing could have cheered us more than the way in which her visit was used of God to bless and comfort us all. It was such a happy time! After a song,

"He's the Lily of the valley."

Mrs. Booth told a story of a briar that grew in a ditch by the roadside. It used to bemoan its fate and wish it was in a better position, for everyone seemed to look down on it there. One day a gardener came past, and observing it,

**Transplanted it to His Garden,**

in which were many beautiful flowers. But here it felt its position more keenly, for visitors who made comments on the beauty of the other roses, passed it by in silence. One day the gardener came and grafted in a slip of a flower, and soon the briar was bearing some of the most beautiful flowers in the garden. Mrs. Booth went on to tell the girls that, no matter what the past had been, or their natural tendencies were, they could be grafted into Christ, and be partakers of His nature, and live beautiful lives for His glory. Those sweet, encouraging words reached every heart, and we believe that in our Home this grafting process is going on in many souls, and lives that were as the wilderness shall rejoice and blossom as the rose. Quite a few of the girls in the Home, as well as some in situations, gave testimony to God's saving power. There was a feeling of liberty in prayer as they told out their hearts to Jesus. Mrs. Booth taught us a nice chorus, and the girls sang,

"Drifting away from mother."

We could not help but praise God for our noble leaders, who would leave their own Christmas fireside and go, the dear Commandant to cheer up the poor men in the Shelter, and Mrs. Booth to talk to the poor fallen ones in the Rescue Home, trying to cheer and bless them; and not merely trying, but succeeding, for as we rushed off to the evening meeting at Lippincott, we heard some of them exclaim: "We would rather have had Mrs. Booth come to see us than anything else in the world." Another, who has been very sick, remarked, "This has been the happiest Christmas I ever spent."

A. D. COWAN, Ensign.

## Chatham Corps and District Notes.

BY ENSIGN MILLER.

WE HAVE RECEIVED a proper welcome from the soldiers of this corps. In the meeting they all told their names and the condition of their souls. There were no less than six Grahams.

I'M SURE we'll not want for any good things. We had two geese sent in for Christmas, and a chicken for Sunday, and lots of other good things. God bless the givers!

ONE SOUL Sunday, and three on Christmas Day, and best of all, they have all returned to give glory unto the Lord.

WE HAD A SAVED DRUNKS' MEETING Christmas afternoon. Seventeen stood to their feet to show they had been delivered from drink and the devil, and have found the real gold cure. The thick head and shaky hand and heart of sorrow are gone, and they now rejoice, being washed in the blood of the Lamb.

LIEUTENANT DOVER has come to assist in the war. We've had some high times this week together.

THE FIRST HOME we visited we found them sad over the death of a child. They had no coffin, nor money for the burial. After much running around, two of our sisters got the authorities to come to their assistance. One soul sought salvation while visiting this past week.

SATURDAY NIGHT I had a dream. I thought I was dying. I kissed all my loved ones good-bye, etc. I was very happy and contented, and was not a bit fearful. Christ seemed to come much nearer to me than any other time in life. It was only a dream, for I'm still alive; but if death should come now, I know my end would be peace.

THE WATCH-NIGHT MEETING was great. Two souls saved. Such a time of rejoicing and shouting and dancing I've not seen for a while. They wished me a happy New Year by carrying me shoulder-high around the barracks. We started the New Year with a rousing march through the main streets; band to the front. A policeman wished us a happy New Year. Bless God we've had a happy start.

WE'VE RECEIVED LETTERS OF WELCOME from all the officers in the District, also have assured us of their help in every possible way to extend God's Kingdom.

GOD BLESS YOU, my comrades! Let us go in red-hot for souls. Captain Andrews, of Tilbury Centre, has been very sick for some time with *La Grippe*, but is now on the mend.

# Jottings on Social Themes.

### HERE AND THERE ABOUT LAZARUS.

Major Lewis, who is in charge of the Grace-before-Meat Box Department in England, has had an interesting Drawing-Room meeting at the Home of the Hon. Mrs. Maurice Drummond. In the course of her address the Major said the scheme did not pauperise those whom it benefitted. Its intention was to help those who showed a disposition to help themselves. Each class depended on another, and, no matter how degraded some of the men and women in the lowest slums were, they did their useful work in the surroundings for which they were not responsible, and were to be helped and lifted higher if the helpers would go down to them and work and live amongst them. They had two classes to deal with, the criminal poor and the unfortunate poor, they have to lift those who had never been up before, also those who had been in good positions once and who had fallen to the lowest depths. Not long ago there were

**Six University Men**

in a Shelter at one time. When they had taught an industry to any of these unfortunate men and women, and enabled them to earn a character they sent them to outside situations. Others were sent to the Farm Colony, and, in the spring, they hoped to open their Colony-over-the-Sea.

Captain Lines who followed stated that at the Blackfriars Shelter, or doss-house, in the month of October only, 26,722 men found shelter, and 28,154 meals were served.

### A PROPER CHAIRMAN.

In the course of some remarks at the close of a lecture one of the gentlemen acting as Chairman at one of the General's Darkest England meetings declared it as his conviction that no healthy-minded man, having once read it, could look on his submerged fellow-creatures with indifference, or fail to be inspired by the thought that for the very vilest there was hope of social salvation. He also said that a relative of his own family had been lost sight of for a very long time, and when every effort to find a trace having utterly failed, the case was placed in the hands of the Salvation Army Enquiry Department, with the result that in a very few months the relative was discovered in Australia. He added enthusiastically that he felt he would very much like to be in the thick of this work himself, and exhorted all present to do their utmost to help their less fortunate brethren in every way possible.

The following is a letter that was received by Mrs. Bramwell Booth, and speaks for itself:—

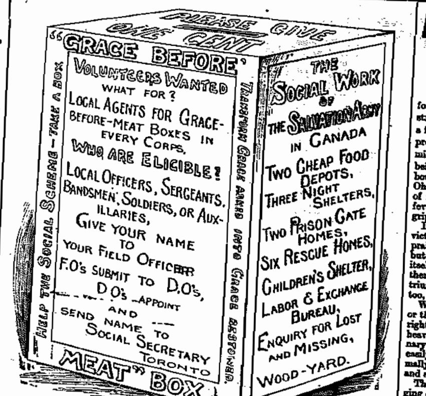
My dear Mrs. Booth,—Matters are coming to such a crisis in my life that I feel I must write either to you or the Chief-of-Staff, to ask a few questions, and since you have at least seen me, and he has not, I have decided to write to you.

About a month ago, I wrote to my parents, saying I felt sure God wants me for the Salvation Army, and that I think He wants me for the Rescue Work. Of course, they are not willing. I knew from the first that I should have very real opposition to face; but while my father says he refuses to consider the matter, my mother goes so far as to ask for what I am wanted and how I should be used. Of course, I could not expect a detailed answer to that question, for you do not know me well enough to tell where or how I should fit in; but if you could give me at least some idea, I should be very grateful for the sake of my mother.

I wonder if you understand just what I mean, that I do not intend to make any conditions with the Army or with God, and that when I feel His time for me has come, I must go, in spite of everything. But I do want to make the change as easy for my family as I can, and to them my idea (which, after all, is not my idea) seems to be the height of all that is unreasonable. There is no use in going into details, for I suppose you have heard the story from many a candidate whose parents feel that her fitness for other work involves unfitness for Army service. My own feeling is only this: I do not understand why God has called me to Army work, but I do feel that He has, and that is all which it is necessary for me to know.

While at the Shelter recently, the officers were reminding me of the great change that has come over the women; whereas in the beginning they would chatter and make so much noise in the meetings that it was difficult to get a hearing, they are now most respectful, and when anyone begins to speak they will themselves say "Hush," and silence everyone into attention. The other day two women were going out to their morning work without waiting for prayers, but as they were making their way to the door one of them pulled the other by the shawl and said to her, "Don't let us go without the blessing," and they turned into the meeting that was going on.

The death of Professor Tyndall, from an overdose of chloral, reminds us of his famous utterance, in which he spoke of man, still unsatisfied and, "as with the yearning of a pilgrim for his distant home, turning to the mystery from which he has emerged, seeking so to fashion it as to give unity to thought and faith, not only without intolerance or bigotry, but with the enlightened recognition that ultimate fixity of conception is here unattainable." It is a solemn confirmation of religious truth that whilst leading with almost unequalled ability the advanced scientific thought of his day, this great intellect was unable to find satisfaction apart from some superior spiritual power outside himself. Truly the words spoken long ago apply to-day, by the grave of the great scientist, that the true way is to "be converted and become as little children."




## A Song for Dark Hours.

[The following came in a letter from a "hard go." "It's a bit tall for one to sing a solo, while the other goes round with the cap. God help us. The hot blood *will* rush up sometimes; but still *it has not yet come out in great drops of sweat* like the Master's!"]

For each temptation overcome,
Each battle fought, each victory won,
I thank Thee, Lord;
For conflicts keen, for wearing doubt,
For subtle foes within, without,
They brought me nearer Thee.

For every hour of blinding grief,
When nothing seemed to bring relief,
I thank Thee, Lord;
For every hour of loneliness,
For every pang of bitterness,
They brought me nearer Thee.

For much of pain and weakness borne,
For "crooked paths," for briar and thorn,
I thank Thee, Lord;
For every time misunderstood,
For every strained and jarring cord,
They brought me nearer Thee.

For every dark Gethsemane,
And every cross-bound Calvary,
I thank Thee, Lord;
For every tear o'er sinners shed,
For every soul to Jesus led,
They brought me nearer Thee.

For every thought of home at last,
The ebb and flow of life o'er past,
I thank Thee, Lord;
When fought the fight, and victory won,
What joy to hear the glad "Well done!"
When I shall be with Thee.

INVICTA.

SPEAKING at the Parliament of Religions at the World's Fair, a learned Brahmin, with a nice preliminary, remarks: "The Salvation Army is accomplishing more than any of the churches." One has some little diffidence in publishing a statement of this sort which might appear to draw a comparison, but we simply quote the statement as delivered.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| A. | Beaver | 20 00 | 5 00 | 21 00 |
| O. | Melton | 19 50 | 4 50 | 20 00 |
| P.L. | Beaver | 20 00 | 5 00 | 21 00 |
| F.P. | " | 20 50 | 5 50 | 21 00 |
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## Local Officers and Soldiers

Often are desirous of distributing good literature in prisons, hospitals, asylums and among the poor. Write to us for special price for back numbers of *All the World.*

## HELP THE HELPERS.

If you want to assist (1) Ex-prisoners; (2) The Rescue Homes; (3) Children's Shelter and all Social operations of the Salvation Army, ring up Telephone No. 761, and drop a line to corner Wilton Avenue and Victoria Street, for men for all kinds of work.

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# A WAIL OF DISCONTENT.

BY MAJOR JAI BHAI, BOMBAY.

I confess to a feeling which I have had for months, and which has been growing in strength till I can scarcely contain myself—a feeling of utter dissatisfaction with the progress we are making. We move, oh, so miserably slowly! So terribly little is being done in comparison with the almost boundless needs so evident on every hand. Oh, for a mighty upheaval, a raging epidemic of reckless, mad, Holy-Ghost, soul-hunting fever, to attack and for ever keep a tight grip of every Salvationist!

I recognize to the full the unprecedented victories God has deigned to give us, and praise Him with all my heart for the same, but the question that is continually forcing itself to my heart is: What on earth is there to hinder us from gaining such triumphs—and far and away greater ones, too, every week of the year?

We shout and exult over a few hundred or thousand souls captured for God (and rightly so, too; shout away!) as if the heavens had fallen or something extraordinary had taken place, only proving how easily we are satisfied and how infinitesimally small our faith is. Shame on us, one and all!

The worst of it is that whilst we are jogging comfortably along, just waking up now and then to rejoice over some—in comparison to what God wants to give us—ant-hill victory,

**The Enemy Stalks on Conquering**

and to conquer—cursing, blighting, and damning thousands daily. His handiwork is everywhere visible. I have of late seen such evidence of his persistent warfare (and such malignant cruelty, too) in his work of destruction, as to almost—I say it to my shame—overwhelm me with despair.

Oh! with what longings I have yearned that some, if only a reckless few, would learn from the arch-fiend of hell, and seek a baptism of fire that would enable them in zeal and desperation to imitate the devil.

**Go to the Devil, Then Salvationist,**

and learn of him! What a sermon on diligence he is ever preaching! Alas! that the sermon is so little heeded.

As I write, the devil is celebrating a special victory. Just over the road a college—a huge pile of buildings erected for the propagation of education, with a studied view, I presume, of not only ignoring, but opposing, hip and thigh, the religion of Jesus Christ—is being opened with a grand flourish of trumpets under distinguished Government patronage; and this, after we have been over and over again assured that the leaven of Christianity was leavening the whole lump, and India was slowly and surely advancing Christwards! Oh, for an awakening—an everlasting one that shall rouse every slumbering and half-awake Salvationist and send him forth to win with the devil in continuity of mad enthusiastic aggressive zeal;

Shall the repeated calls of our loved leader meet with the response from your heart and mine that God Himself would wish? Shall we go down before God—wrestle with Him, throw our arms around Him, vowing not to let Him go till He bless us with the blessing that will fit us to win victories after Christ's own heart—victories that shall ensure the speedily seeing of the travail of His soul and being satisfied? I want, oh! so much to do my part.

God helping me, I will! Will you?

# THEY COULDN'T HELP IT.

This is found in one of Ensign Turner's despatches from St. Catharines:—

One of our comrades, while attending the Columbian Congress at New York, canvassed a number of former Canadians for the Self-Denial Fund and got twenty-five cents each from the following officers, who still have a warm spot in their hearts for our work here in the Dominion:—Dr. Wilson, Staff-Captain Marshall, Staff-Captain Addie, Adjutant Hunter, Adjutant Walder, Adjutant Dunham, Ensign Wood, Ensign Connett, Captain E. White, Captain Mrs. White, Captain McLean, Captain Levitt, Captain Yorke, Captain Law, Captain Jamieson, Captain M. Crosby, Captain Kimball, Captain J. Mugford, Lieutenant Fawcett.

Staff-Captain Gifford, although not a Canadian, also cast in his mite with the rest, making in all $5 from our former comrades.

Accept our thanks, dear brethren. We pray you may prosper 'neath the Stars and Stripes.



# The Champion "Felon" IN THE SALVATION ARMY.

## He has made many Marks in this World.

### A FEW "IMPRESSIONS."

Joe the Turk (Garabed), of the United States, it appears, has been imprisoned no less than seventeen times since his conversion in connection with his Salvation Army work, and, indeed, after understanding the methods of our good friend the Turk, we shall not be surprised to hear that he has

**Not yet Got to the End**

of his prison difficulty. It appears that one of his latest plans is to leave his impress wherever he goes with an India-rubber stamp on which is written the words "Jesus is mighty to save." This impress he has already placed on the collars of several gentlemen in passing, and on the neat white aprons of young ladies. He recently paid a visit to the National Headquarters, New York, and his motto was to be seen everywhere—on the compositors' aprons, on the walls, ceilings and floors, wherever he had gone his mark was left:—

**"Jesus is Mighty to Save."**

The current No. of the United States *Cry* gives an interesting incident showing the result:—

"Joe was billeted at an old widow lady's who, though a friend of the Army, was not a Christian. The morning he took his departure the lady was horrified to find her beautiful bed-room disfigured, as she thought then, with Joe's motto. On the wallpaper, the looking-glass, the carpet, doors, and even ceiling, there was "Jesus is mighty to save."

"The lady was, perhaps naturally,

**Very Highly Indignant,**

but during the day the words kept running through her mind and head to such an extent she couldn't eat. At night she couldn't sleep; and the next morning, after the most miserable night in her life, she knelt down by the side of the bed Joe had occupied, and proved the truth of the words: 'Jesus is mighty to save.'"

"Joe had left the city, but he was delighted to have a letter informing him of the above, and asking him to return at an early date to decorate the other rooms."

# Another Home Made Happy.

Tom Beckworth was only eleven years old when his father died. He was the oldest of a family of six, and had to begin the life of toil which falls to the lot of the poor at this early age. However, he was proud to do something for his mother, and she was equally proud of him as he emptied his first week's earnings into her lap. Still she had a feeling of disappointment. Like other mothers, she had had her dreams of what Tom might become, if she could only keep him at school. But it was never his lot to rise even to the position of "a village Hampden." However, what Tom lacked in the way of book-learning was made up by the consistent example of his mother's life.

* * *

Fifteen years had brought many changes in Tom's life. His mother had gone to heaven, his brothers and sisters had grown up and gone—he knew not where. Finding life in London—where he had gone after his mother's death—lonesome, he had established a home for himself, in the enjoyment of which he was happier than most people. Mary was a model wife, and though their married life had been one of self-denial, they made the most of it. Their three rooms were patterns of what a working man's home should be, their union had been blessed with two children, and "more than their share of trouble," as Mary used sometimes to say.

They had been married ten years when Mary's health began to decline. The doctor said it was consumption, and ordered her many delicacies which she could not afford. To make matters worse, Tom's employer failed, and for weeks the precarious earnings he picked up at irregular jobs were barely sufficient to pay the rent and buy bread, and there were now five to keep. Mary languished for want of nourishing food, but what were they to do?

"It pains me to see you take on so, Mary," said Tom, one day when he returned tired and spiritless from another day's fruitless tramp in search of work.

"I can't help it, Tom," was the reply, "when I see how things are going. We have nothing in the house to eat, and the rent is due on Saturday."

"Let us have a little more patience; perhaps things will not turn out so bad as they appear," counselled Tom, but his voice belied his words, for he felt as broken-spirited as his wife.

"But where is the rent to come from?" And the children must have bread."

"We can part with some of our belongings."

"They will not fetch much, and after the money is spent we will never get them back."

However, they had to go, and Mary broke down as she saw her little home dismantled. How she had contrived to save money to buy these bits of furniture was always a wonder to Tom! At last everything was sold which was worth selling.

"I can't bear the sight of our new home now. Can't we move somewhere else? Besides, we cannot pay the rent any longer."

"We must," said Tom, and move they did, to one of the lowest alleys on the south side of the water, where they got a small room for half-a-crown a week.

The neighbors had advised going into the Union, but Tom said, "What's the use of strong, able-bodied men like me going to the Union? It's work I want."

Mary's case grew worse. She began to vomit blood. The parish doctor came and also advised impossible delicacies. Their case was getting desperate, when one afternoon two Slum lasses called. They enquired after the welfare of the family, and one went for some beef-tea for Mary, while the other set to work and tidied up the room.

When Tom came home that night Mary was more cheerful than usual. She told him all about the visit she had had, and that the lasses advised that he should go to the Social Wing of the Salvation Army to enquire for work, which he, after a little scruple, did next morning, and was taken on for a few days to collect salvage. He was then recommended to a builder for some temporary work, which he did so satisfactorily that his employer enquired into his case, and Tom is now in a permanent situation with good wages.

Tom's scruples about the Salvation Army have now disappeared, and he is ever ready to express his gratitude for the readiness with which they endeavor to help all who are willing to work. He has left his dingy room in the slums, his children are better fed and clad, Mary's belongings are being slowly replaced, and another home is made happy through the operations of the Darkest England Scheme.—*Darkest England Gazette.*


**LEFT!**

A few P. O. H. boots, which we are selling out at the reduced price of $3 per pair. Order at once!


# A New Canadian's Reminiscences OF THE CURSES OF DRINK.

### The Bane of Civilization.

Seeing a poor dilapidated drunkard roll down in the street from the pavement into the road, and not able to get up again, brought to my mind an incident as I went to assist him to his home.

While out visiting one afternoon in the summer of last year, in the West-End slum of London, I saw a sight that I shall not very easily forget. Passing down one of those streets that are noted for their vice and sin, I saw a crowd gathered outside a gin-shop, which can be well termed

**A Death-Trap.**

It was a kind of low lodging-house as well as a drinking hell. Curious to see what had gathered the crowd, I passed over, and there I saw lying on the pavement, held by four men, a young man shouting, and groaning, and struggling, trying to get his arms free. I enquired what was the matter, and I was told that he had been drinking heavily for some weeks, and that was the result. With a wrench he freed himself from the grasp of the men; in a moment his coat and vest were in shreds, and it is possible he would have ended his own life if it had not been for the timely prevention of his mates.

BROTHER BRADBURY,

Lately Promoted to Glory from New Glasgow, N.S.

Oh, what a sight it was! A crowd of sin-blotched faces stood around, lives marred through drink and vice, men and women who lived on their passions, the drinking hells their home, the mug and bottle their constant companion,

**Dragging Out a Miserable Existence,**

tired of life! Oh, the piteous tales that they tell! If they would be heard by the upholders of the cursed, devilish traffic of drink, and these crowds of motley men and women and children, poverty-stricken through drink and sin, could be seen, I feel sure a loathing of the cursed traffic, which might be called a traffic in souls, would spring up in the heart, and the heart of the hardest would be softened.

I have seen as many as five or six women thrown out from these drinking hells on to the pavements in less than ten minutes. Men have come to our penitent-form with tears in their eyes, pleading with groans to be delivered from the curse, and, thank God, some have got off their knees changed in their hearts and lives through the blood of Christ. On Sunday morning you might see them in crowds gathered outside the doors

**Waiting for the Doors to Open,**

so that they might be able to quench their thirst for a time. There is one case which I cannot help but give.

A tall young man, well built, but his constitution racked with drinking, said while I spoke to him, "No one knows the wreck that I am but myself. I have had to leave my home, give up my situation as head clerk, and here I am. It is no use, I must drink. I know I am disgraced! I know I have sunk low, but I must drink or die."

In all classes, rich and poor, the drink demon does its work, and unless checked will continue to do so. Let us,

**The Most Outspoken Organization in the World**

on this question, spare no effort in the endeavor to sweep out of the land the cursed drink, thus robbing thousands of souls of that temptation to which they feel they can no more resist than can the sea-shore to the incoming tide!

# DANCING.

## T. T. Tells Something Not Mentioned in the Programme.

My mind has been very much exercised of late with the thought that we Salvationists are blind to many of the evils that surround us. We hit out at the drink-devil very strongly, but many others are doing this besides us. There are many evils that need our attention just now beside the drink-devil. I wish to mention the dancing evil, which we seem to forget altogether, but an evil it is, and a very great and growing one. Oh, what tales our Rescue lasses could tell of young lives blighted through the ball-room; and what stories we could hear from our fallen sisters who perambulate our streets, whose downfall could be attributed to the dance-room! "Oh, but," you say, "I see no harm in the dance; even bishops have been known to countenance dancing.

Well, I will try to show you what I consider are the evils of dancing. You put a dozen young women into a room, give them a lady to preside at the piano, and let no men approach them, I will guarantee that they won't stay out late *that* night—half-an-hour will be plenty for them. But

**Introduce a Dozen Men,**

then you will see the difference. They will dance all night, their faces all aglow, their eyes sparkling as if intoxicated. Of course, in some places, great care is taken as to the females that are invited to the dance, for we often see announced on the bill, "Ladies by invitation only"; so that any poor girl that happens to have a bad name, is not invited. But, with the men, it is not so—any devil in human form can go to the dance as long as he has the semblance of a man. Yes; and such devils are to be seen at every ball or dance-room. Mostly, he is well-dressed, good-looking, and

**A Polished Scoundrel;**

he selects his victim—a young, inexperienced girl—and he is allowed to dance with her, to put his arm round her waist, when, at least, he should not be allowed to approach within a yard of her. Then, whilst he whirls her around in the giddy waltz, he whispers his vile poison into her ear, he pours out his flattery upon her, contaminates her with his very breath—and society looks on satisfied. The father and mother are at home sleeping soundly, all unconscious of their daughter's danger. By-and-bye they wake up to the fact that their girl is ruined; then there is weeping and wailing. All too late; and another victim is added to the dance-room list.

Then there are those who say that dancing is a healthy exercise. Well, perhaps so; if indulged in between six and ten in the morning, instead of from midnight to sunrise. Then, there are professing Christians who go to the dance. We breathe a prayer on their behalf. We want to know—is it possible for a woman dressed in ball costume, to go upon her knees and say,

**"Oh, Lord, Help Me to Shine at the Ball To-Night."**

No; she could not do it, without feeling condemned. The same can be said of the man. He could not, after coming home from the ball, return thanks to the Lord for having helped him at the dance; and yet we are told to "pray without ceasing, and in everything give thanks."

Dancing has a very strong hold upon Colonial girls; in fact, with many, it is the ruling passion. It is no uncommon sight to see young women coming home from the ball at three and four o'clock in the morning, accompanied by the class of men mentioned above; and in many cases, they are poor working-girls, who will have to be at their work in a few hours. Now, let us hit out at the dancing evil, and go in to warn our sisters of the danger.

EASTERN PROVINCE

BRIGADIER JACOBS.

# From the Eastern Province.

## BRIGADIER JACOBS' FAREWELL MEETINGS.

### The New Eastern Party Says Good-Bye Also.

### THE SELF-DENIAL RESULT.

THE LAST SUPPER. Brigadier and Mrs. Jacobs had a farewell supper with the St. John District officers December 5th, at which about twenty-four officers were present. It was provided in the Rescue Home. Ensign Hartry took all the labor to supply this meal for our beloved Brigadier's family gathering. When all was ready, the Brigadier and Mrs. Jacobs took the head of the table, and after everybody had been satisfied with the material we then went in for a spiritual feast and blessing, many of the officers testifying to the help and counsel they had received at the Brigadier's hands, and also how they intended to be faithful to God and the dear old flag, and promised to go in for God and souls during our Eastern leader's absence.

I WENT AS FAR AS OXFORD JUNCTION with the Brigadier, and then bid him adieu for three months. I visited New Glasgow and found the soldiers waiting for the train, led by Captain Dyas. At the barracks we had a glorious time. Although it was only a short meeting, as the train was late, everyone was full and running over. Ensign Hunter was at Westville marrying some soldiers. Ensign and Mrs. Hunter and Captain Dyas do not let the grass grow under their feet, but keep things moving. Some five candidates have applied for the work lately here, and we are believing for more. When people get set on fire for souls they are led to seek the best channel to get them. My visit was far too short, and I long to spend a week-end at least among these fiery comrades.

TRURO WAS THE NEXT CORPS that the Cadets and I were to visit. Captain Facey met us and took us to our billets. The open-air was good. Inside the crowd was large, and we felt God's Spirit backing home His Word and truth to the hearts of both saint and sinner. From what I saw at this corps I should think there is a good future before them in the spiritual warfare. I saw two candidates at this corps whom I hope to find in the Garrison before long.

AT AMHERST Captain Bowering greeted us, and seemed to have faith for a good time. Saturday night we found great crowds on the streets. Everybody seemed busy doing next to nothing. We had a fair crowd and a lively time inside. Sunday God made Himself felt from morning to night, when one soul sought the blessing and two found pardon. This was such a lift to the Newfoundland officers and cadets that they commenced a war dance, and went on for about ten minutes without stopping. All hands praised God and gave Him the glory.

AT SACKVILLE I found Captain Andrews and Lieutenant Stacy rejoicing over the prospect of a week of success. We were to be at this corps for Monday, the Divisional Officer Wednesday, and Adjutant Manton and Captain Watson for Thursday and Friday. We had a splendid meeting, although the weather was very cold.

ENSIGN MCDONALD AND CAPTAIN FRIZZEL greeted us at Moncton. The open-air was held near the post office, where the people stood and listened in spite of the frost, blow and snow. Inside, things went a little stiff, but we got a move on, though not enough to get anyone out for salvation. After three hours and a-half's wait we took the train for St. John, and although we were so much late we arrived in time to go through a pile of business and had a meeting at St. John I., where fourteen cadets farewelled for the West. After a boiling time and much conviction we were compelled to close down early to get the cadets on the Montreal express. Then the parting time came. What kissing, hand-shaking and weeping took place! Language fails to express. Our prayers, hopes and good wishes went out for their usefulness and blessing in the West.

THE SELF-DENIAL has been at boiling pitch for the past week. In the East our target was $5,560, but we have got over $6,000, and the returns are not yet complete.

MANY OF THE SMALLER CORPS have done wonderfully. This has been a long pull and a strong pull and a pull altogether.

Captain Fenny, of Hillsboro, whose target was at first fixed at $40 then lowered to $25, as it was thought too high, collected the $40 and the $25 as well, all but a few cents.

MANY OF OUR SOLDIERS have worked very hard and denied themselves a great deal, among whom the following is a type:—Sergeant Mrs. Cassidy, of St. John I., has collected $24, although she had a very sick husband to nurse and some very heavy domestic duties to attend to.

WHEN ALL THE RETURNS are complete we shall rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory; but the end is not yet.

STAFF-CAPTAIN BENNETT.

# CHATHAM, N.B., CHAT.

### Revivals All Round.

WE ARE HAVING some blessed times in the Chatham corps and District. The work of soul-saving is going on.

WE HAVE HAD a holiness revival at each of late, and God has been blessing the work, and a number have got sanctified. Praise God. We were at Newcastle for a holiness meeting on Wednesday night, and had a proper time. One woman was so blessed in the meeting that she got the Ensign to pull out the feathers she had in her hat. The Ensign did not take long in doing that, and she laughed, too. Praise God. Hallelujah!

ALL THE SOLDIERS AND RECRUITS came out to consecrate themselves to the work of the Lord. The work of late has been going on very well under Captain Allen and Lieutenant Jones, and a number of souls have been saved.

WE SPENT FOUR DAYS at Campbellton, and had a grand time. The holiness meetings were times of power and blessing to all. Soldiers and friends went in for a fresh outpouring of the Spirit of Christ. Sunday was set apart for a desperate effort to get souls saved and, thank God, two young men were gloriously saved, and will make proper blood-and-fire soldiers. [We hope so!—ED.] Captain Rooch is in charge, and is in for a good time and lots of souls. She has lost her Lieutenant. She puts on the red braid and comes to the District Headquarters. Lieutenant Rhodes goes to Campbellton.

CAPTAIN KENDALL has farewelled from Chatham and gone West. God be with you, Captain. Let the Ontario people see that you are a real Eastern light. The soldiers and officers in the District all worked hard during Self-Denial Week, and got well blessed in their souls. God bless you, my comrades, the more you do for God the more He will do for you.

ENSIGN MACLEAN.

# NORTHERN FLASHES.

### Being An Account of a Newfoundlander's Travels.

TO BE PACKED UP WAITING for the steamer, then find she has changed her ports of call, and your place of appointment is left out, disappointing the comrades and people, and feeling very much the same yourself, is a flash I hope won't come for another six months

NEW BAY, BOTWOODVILLE, AND GLORY, are three places I like very much, although the latter place I have not yet seen. New Bay has such a large head to it, that the writer dreads to cross it on water; but to drop down into that neat little home of Brother J. Moor's, after a tramp of four miles through mud and stumps in the dark night, is altogether different.

BEAUTIFUL was the meeting held at Brother Yates' house. Our congregation numbered sixty, and the leader knew it, too; but the four precious souls that found peace because Jesus had that night forgiven all the blackguity past, made it easy to bear the burden of such a hot meeting.

"ALTOGETHER TOO SMALL," said a brother the next morning. We must get a larger house. Accordingly we set to work, and by five p.m., Brother Pearce's workshop had the appearance of an Army barracks, and four more found pardon and peace through Christ.

HERE'S A FLASH that ought to come often. Brother Robert Pike, who for some weeks has longed to see me, felt he should be a soldier, so after reading the rules over twice, declared himself willing to fight beneath Army colors.

A TRAMP OF TEN MILES brings me to Northern Harbor. A short meeting, and a much-needed rest, and Brother Downton rowed me to Exploits, where we ought—so the people say—and where we shall ere long, have a barracks.

AFTER STEAMING EIGHT HOURS against a strong tide and wind, we reach Botwoodville. At four a.m., Brother Clark is hunting up a place for me to stay. Mr. H—— taking the morning meeting, myself the afternoon and night. Several felt they should give God their heart, but none would yield.

MORE SAD NEWS. A man who had left his home to purchase some groceries for his wife and family, was returning home, but in some unknown way was drowned. When found, he had in his pocket a half-bottle of whiskey. The person who sold or gave him rum, is feeling very bad over it. So ought everyone who gives or sells to another anything to damn body and soul.

HAVING NO PLACE in Botwoodville to hold meetings in, Brother and Sister Wentsell, whom God saved at St. Johns about fourteen months ago, opened wide the doors of their house. One soul found peace with God. Brother Clark went in for doing his share during Self-Denial.

ARRIVING HOME 7 p.m. Saturday, find Self-Denial in full swing, and piles of work before me. Letter saying, "Self-Denial appeals all behind." What a pity! Yet some arrangements have been made, and we expect good results.

BRIGADE-CAPTAIN GOODY.

# Gathered Here and There

BY ENSIGN DOWELL.

"Friends, I used to spend dollars and dollars in tobacco and whiskey, in fact, all my week's wages; but now I am saved I have all I need. My house is a little palace." So said a brother, and he gave the sum of 10 cents for three months. Question.—Is it a sin to rob God?

Some persons don't know what it means to cheer a convert. They need more encouragement from saved people. Too many people pick a convert to pieces instead of cheering him. Converts want beef-tea, and old *drones*, fly-blisters.

Everybody is ready to welcome home the prodigal son and kill the fatted-calf for him, but very few will help the prodigal daughter if she falls into evil company and squanders her subtance in riotous living! There is no prospect of a welcome and forgiveness if she returns home. She is condemned without mercy by her sex, and woe betide her if she leans for support upon the other!

There is no virtue in doing what we have to do. *Even the Devil* will behave himself when he is chained.

A good time to begin to pray "Thy Kingdom come" is when the collection is about to be taken up.

No man ever rose to a station where God did not expect him to do something for other people.

Prejudices are like knots in the glass of our windows, they alter the shape of everything we choose to look at through them; they make straight things crooked and everything indistinct.

Out of one hundred men you run against, you will find ninety-five worrying themselves about troubles that will never come.

Don't worry whether the man who says nice things to you means them or not. The fact that he takes the pains to say them is a compliment; he doubtless has an axe to grind, but it doesn't follow that you must run the grind-stone.

# An Outsider's Experience.

"I chanced to go into a building where a religious meeting was being held, and where an opportunity for testimony was given. A poor fellow present was drunk, and though by not any means boisterous was a little talkative, so he got up and started his "testimony" with an

**Altogether Superfluous Announcement**

that he had taken *too much*. This was too much for the righteous folks in charge to stand, and the poor fellow was ejected from the building, and outside fell into a policeman's hands and got locked up. My indignation was so great that I got up and said: "I guess I have made a mistake and struck the wrong place. I came in here thinking this was a mission where Rescue work was carried on; but I see you throw the drunkards out, so I leave." And, would you believe me, I went straight from there to a Salvation Army meeting which was being held, and, strangely enough, there was a drunken man there making quite a racket. I sat down and watched, my heart warming within me as I heard the Captain direct the Sergeant-major to

**"Bring that Poor Brother Up Nearer the Front,**

for if he happened to walk out, the police would surely get hold of him."

# TERRE NOVA NEWSY NOTES.

### CHAPTER II.

**A New Corps—Twenty-Eight Corps—A Newly Married Pair—A Grey-headed Drunk—Death Through a Dance—A Child Burned to Death—Two Men Drowned—Brave District Officers — Much Prayer Needed.**

BY STAFF-CAPTAIN J. READ.

ANOTHER SALVATION COMET (corps) has not only been discovered, but, thank God, has been opened. Its name is DILDO, situated at the bottom of Trinity Bay. On December 5th we enrolled twenty brave men and women as blood-and-fire soldiers. All glory to Jesus!

THIS MAKES THE TWENTY-EIGHTH corps on the Island. Glory to God for the existence of no less than eight and twenty forts, filled with living salvation guns, all cleaned and in working order. We are very sanguine that ere many weeks thirty corps will be properly organised, officered by brave warriors, who will lead their soldiers on to victory "Come over and help us" is the cry heard on every hand, and we are going too!

STEPPING ON TO THE TRAIN a few days ago, we met an Italian who, coming into the car where we were, said most politely, "Have you a WAR CRY, sir?" How sorry we were to have to say "No." Quite a lesson to us, and we shall profit thereby. "Wilt thee show me the right way to be saved?" said a poor, drunken, grey-haired man to us on the same train. Another smart young man said "A man can't tell whether he is going to heaven or hell." He collapsed when we told him he was neither too young nor too good-looking to die.

NEAR US ON AN OPPOSITE SEAT sat a young woman. At our side sat a young man, the husband of the young woman. The day previous they had been married, but the husband who promised to "love, cherish," etc., was beastly drunk. Surely this was a bad way to begin married life, and there is "a more excellent way." Oh, that this newly wedded pair would seek and find Jesus! How grand it would be!

THE DESPATCHES from our brave district officers continue to be full of the most soul-stirring news. Brigade-Captain Freeman writes:—"I had quite a time at Garnish. I was down there several days before I could get up, as the wind was contrary. One day I started to walk, and after walking about two and a-half miles I came to a brook. It was so deep that I could not cross it, so I had to turn back again, and the next day I walked to Frenchman's Cove and had a meeting there and then went seven miles in a dory to a place called Grand Beach, and I did intend to walk from that to Grand Bank, but the people told me that I would not be able to cross the brook, so I remained there that night and had a meeting. Nearly all the people in the place were in the meeting. We had a grand time altogether. I spoke about Self-Denial, and they promised they would do something, so I sent them down some envelopes. . . .

"I came up from Grand Beach in a dory, a distance of twelve miles. We were four hours coming, and just after we got here it came on to blow hard, and the fishing craft that were out on the fishing ground made for the land, but one boat with two men in it sank and were never seen after. They were looking for them last night and this morning, but had to give them up as lost. One of these men was a regular attendant at the barracks. He was saved, and used to sit on the platform. The other used to come to the barracks, but was unsaved. He was at the barracks last Sunday. The people are in a wonderful way about it. . . .

A very sad accident occurred at G—— not long ago. A woman went out to a house a few yards away, leaving her two children in the kitchen, and she was only gone about ten minutes, but when she came back the child was all on fire. The only bit of clothes left on it was the shirt collar, and the flesh was melting. . . .

A young girl walked to B—— to a wedding and then walked back the same day, and then danced nearly all that night. She was then taken sick. They sent for the doctor, and he came and said that the girl's inside was shaken. She only lived a few days after. While on her sick-bed she was heard to say, "It was that dance," and up to the time she died she was crying for mercy. She was heard when very weak to say, "Lord have mercy on me!"

SUCH IS THE NEWS we get from these hard-working fellows who have charge of the various districts on the Island. They need the prayers of WAR CRY readers, especially during the coming winter.

JUST A FEW MORE LINES from our Northern District Officer. He writes: "I had a good time at Botwoodville. One soul. Arranged with the soldiers who are here, to visit and begin erecting a barracks. I have every hope of doing something here."

BRICKBATS, STONES, ROTTEN EGGS AND MUD are not the kind of persecution we get here generally. There is a deeper, blacker undercurrent of bitter calumny and scorn heaped upon us and our dear people by those who should be ashamed to do it, many of them being professed Christians.